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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE extremes of the English and French points of view met in a spectacular fall at Geneva. Sir John Simon complained that since any disarmament agreement must include Germany, France was destroying the last hope when she refused to agree to any German rearmament. France had refused a reasonable German offer and gone back upon last year's concessions to Germany. As practical proposals, he produced the abolition of chemical warfare (accepted with a smile by everyone!), budgetary control of arms and a Permanent Arms Commission. These are so many dead matches; once, as small parts of a disarmament Convention, they would have struck a light. M. Barthou thoroughly enjoyed himself in replying. Sir John Simon —"his almost friend"—suffered from "the illusions of paternity" in claiming the only acceptable armament schemes as British. England wanted disarmament, but always illogically refused to buy it with security, and so on and so on. The old story. England trying to escape the inevitable fact that she is part of a European system; France still without any notion of peace-keeping, except a retention of the *status quo* guaranteed by the arms of the victors over the vanquished. The prospect? General rearmament—against which those who desire to prevent war must devise new and more strenuous means of resistance.

Arms for the Gran Chaco

Asked by Mr. Vyvyan Adams whether this country ought not to take independent action in refusing to send arms to feed the Gran Chaco war, Mr. MacDonald replied that these considerations were "actively in front of the mind of the Government," which wished "something effective to be done." Further asked by Mr. Cocks whether he was not aware of the American Government's decision to take such action whether others followed or not, the Prime Minister said he was "aware of exactly the opposite." We will venture no explanation of Mr. MacDonald's unawareness of an official statement printed throughout the press and repeated on the wireless. What we want to know is if this country must refuse to act until all the other possible or actual arms exporters to Bolivia and Paraguay have agreed to do so simultaneously. Twenty out of thirty-two States which have been approached have agreed "in principle." France, it seems, will not observe an embargo unless Germany (which has not been approached) also does so, and so forth. But Great Britain's example would be influential and we believe that the public, which is at last waking up to the significance of the traffic in arms, would be glad not to have more of this blood on its hands.

The Last Resource of Fascism

Signor Mussolini's speech in Rome last Saturday dispersed at a blow all the propaganda that is put about

concerning the economic advantages of Fascism, and of Italian Fascism in particular. He painted a grim picture of the state of his country and found an even grimmer remedy. Tariffs, quotas, Ottawa agreements, export restrictions had combined, he said, with heavy costs of production, to hit the Italians hard; their plight was reflected in the budget deficit, in the high cost of living, heavy taxes and reduced salaries. They had, in fact, touched rock bottom, and they might have to look forward to a permanently lower standard of life. The only consolation he could offer in that case was humanity's power to rise to unimagined heights of asceticism and heroism. A cynic, or a less militarist-minded person than the Duce, might wonder whether it would not help Italy a little to save something on armaments. But Mussolini was actually explaining in this speech the necessity for an expenditure of a couple of thousand million lire on the navy and air force during the next six years. Apart from the employment that would give, he said, Italians should derive moral and spiritual satisfaction from being well armed. Disarmament is a vain dream, and though we may desire peace at the moment, perpetual peace depresses the fundamental virtues of a nation. "War is to man what maternity is to woman." Bombast about war, he might have added, is all that remains for a Fascist dictator when the Corporate State fails to deliver the goods.

Turkey and the Dardanelles

Like the rest of the world, the Turkish Government is adjusting itself to the danger of war and the decline of the League's authority. It has given notice to bring before the Council its demands for the revision of the Lausanne Treaty. It wishes to be freed from the clauses that demilitarise the Dardanelles, and to resume its historic role as the guardian of the Straits. Apparently it does not wish to disturb the clauses that demilitarised also its land frontiers with Greece and Bulgaria. It is highly significant too that it does not propose to fortify the Bosphorus, presumably because it no longer reckons on a Russian attack on Constantinople as a possible danger. It wishes to fortify the Dardanelles, fearing perhaps an Italian adventure, or some unspecified complications in a future Armageddon. The reasons on which it bases its objection to the international control laid down in the Lausanne Treaty are firstly and chiefly that the League is too weak to guarantee it against attack, and, secondly, that of the maritime Powers which share in this control Japan has quitted the League, Russia is not a member, and Italy loses no opportunity of advertising her scorn of League principles. In plain words, like other Powers, Turkey is in the grip of fear, has lost any faith she ever had in the League, and demands a free hand to arm. British and Italian opposition may be expected, but Turkey can probably count on the support of France, Russia and the Balkan States.

President Roosevelt Sends in his Bill

The American Government has sent in to the British Government a little bill, covering not only the payments about to fall due on the War Debt, but also all accrued arrears. President Roosevelt has gone away to write up his covering message to Congress on the debt question, which is expected this week-end. Intelligent forecasts deny that it will contain any constructive proposal; the President is said to regard it as not his business, but that of the debtor, to propose an accommodation. We then have to decide what to do without much expectation of help from the American side. But our action is bound to be influenced by the passage of the Johnson Act, since it seems to be widely held that the Americans, while they will accept any payment we offer, will no longer regard a token payment as exempting Great Britain from the stigma of default. American opinion about our debt has hardened since we declared our budget surplus, and it is argued that the strength of sterling is a clear sign of our ability to pay. We may not accept this view; but it is not surprising that the Americans are inclined to hold it, and to accuse us of unwillingness, rather than inability, to pay. There is truth in this. We are unwilling. We do not hold, with the Americans, that there is no connection between war debts and reparations; and British opinion would hardly tolerate that we should go on paying, whereas France and Italy—to say nothing of Germany—should not. In these circumstances, the best course is simple default.

Big Strikes—Big Business

Senator Wagner's Labour Bill for the adjustment of industrial disputes has come up before the United States Congress this week. All over the country, strikes have been increasing and labour unrest spreading. Some optimists profess to see in this a hopeful sign of economic revival, on the ground that strike activity usually waxes with the prosperity of trade. But there is little confirmation of this view in the statistics of production and employment. The truth of the matter seems to be rather that the workers are bitterly disappointed with the consequences of the "New Deal," and with the failure of the N.R.A. administration to redeem the promise that recognition would be secured for the rights of collective bargaining. The employers in most industries have simply refused to take any notice of these rights, and have continued their practice of recognising only tame "company unions"; and the N.R.A. has done nothing at all to coerce them. Wages have risen but little—often not enough to compensate for the rise in prices, and there is as much unemployment now as there was last autumn, despite the reduction in the working week, which is, in fact, subject to so many exceptions as to make it ineffective. American Labour accuses President Roosevelt of knuckling under to Big Business; and, as there is widespread distrust of the American Federation of Labour, this is leading to a big growth of Left-wing unions under Communist or semi-Communist influence.

The Indian Opposition

The Indian Congress movement is moving rapidly and logically towards its new position as a more or less constitutional opposition. It is transforming itself into a Swarajist Party which will contest the next elections with all its formidable resources in organisation, while Mr. Gandhi alone retains the right to offer civil disobedience in his own exceptional person. It is doubtful, however, whether the Swarajists will realise their maximum of unity, for while the extreme Left of Congress resents this return to legal tactics, the Right, including both the more orthodox Hindus and the more nationalist Moslems, are absorbed in the sterile controversy over the communal award. The next step is that Congress

is now contemplating the calling of what it describes as a "Constituent Assembly," to work out an alternative of its own to the White Paper Constitution. The Indian Government will, it is stated, raise no objections to this procedure. What Congress means by this Assembly is apparently only a body elected from its own membership. Large though this may be, it could not represent the main body of Moslem or even of Sikh opinion, and would include only one of the two main tendencies among the Untouchables. All that it could do would be to provide the Swarajist Party with a more detailed and coherent set of proposals than Mr. Gandhi brought with him to the second session of the Round Table Conference. An alternative Constitution, to have any success, ought, one would have supposed, to rest on an agreement between Congress and the other Indian groups and parties.

Germany's Debts

The German debt negotiations all but broke down at the week-end; and it seems clear that only the German fear of British reprisals availed to produce any sort of offer at all. The Dawes and Young loans are now excluded, and if the Germans propose to default upon these payments—as their inspired press assumes—they will have to do so on their own responsibility. For the remaining debts, the creditor groups, except the Swiss and Dutch, who have hitherto enjoyed preferential treatment, have declared their conditional acceptance of an offer which provides either for funding the unpaid interest, or for paying in cash at 40 per cent. of the amount due, at the creditor's option. This acceptance is conditional on no group of creditors being given preferential treatment —hence its rejection by the Dutch and Swiss. On the German side, the offer is conditional on Germany having enough foreign exchange to make the payments. It should be noticed that the Germans have this week imposed further drastic restrictions on the supply of foreign money for purchase of imports, and that the Reichsbank's supply of foreign exchange is still falling, and the foreign trade position getting worse. The new settlement is supposed to run till June, 1935; but it looks very doubtful whether it will work. It was exacted only by the British threat to set up a debt clearing office. The Germans yielded to this threat; but they will probably try again before long.

The Government and the School Age

The Government was asked in the House of Commons on Tuesday why it had refused permission to a number of Local Education Authorities which wish to use their statutory power to raise the school-leaving age by local action. The L.E.A.s possess the power by statute, and a number of them wish to use it; but they cannot, in fact, use it unless the Board of Education is prepared to give the necessary permission and to pay the appropriate grants. The explanation offered of the Board's refusal was twofold. The Board was not satisfied that the requisite educational facilities were available in some of the areas concerned; nor was it satisfied that these areas were isolated enough from the areas of other L.E.A.s to make it desirable for the leaving age to be raised in one place without being raised in others. As to the first objection, if the required facilities are lacking, whose fault is it? Largely the Government's, for refusing to sanction the required expenditure. But the second objection is far more comprehensive; in effect it takes away, by mere fiat of the Government, the power given by the Act to the L.E.A.s. In this country, what area of any importance is isolated? The Board is effectively vetoing any proposal to raise the leaving age in one area until it is raised in all. Its attitude reminds us that, whatever "economies" may have been relaxed, the policy of damping down education is still in full force.

Waterloo Bridge

The House of Commons on Wednesday again turned down the L.C.C.'s Waterloo Bridge project, but the majority was smaller this time than on the last occasion two years ago. The debate ran on non-party lines, and a large number of Tories (including the Minister of Transport) supported the Labour proposal—which indeed was also the Municipal Reformers' proposal. The opposition to it was led by Sir W. Davison, who exaggerated both the cost of building a new bridge and the time required for it. He even added a touch of comicality to the old aesthetic argument for preserving Rennie's masterpiece, by suggesting that it had the same sacred character as the cenotaph—it was a memorial of the Napoleonic wars. But whatever may be the value of the existing bridge as an ancient monument, the case for its replacement on practical grounds seem to us overwhelming; reconditioning would still leave it a serious obstacle to road and river traffic alike. And there is little in the objection that a new Waterloo Bridge will prevent our getting a new Charing Cross Bridge; everybody knows there is no prospect of anything being done at Charing Cross at present. We understand that Mr. Morrison will not be deterred by this defeat in Parliament, but will go ahead without the State grant of sixty per cent. This will mean, that London will have to foot the whole bill—paying an extra penny or so on the rates for the next five years.

Water, Water

No wonder the Ministry of Health and some of the local authorities are still worried about water. The drought situation has not cleared up and the Government's Bill is an inadequate measure. It may meet the call of immediate emergencies should they arise, but it will have to do so largely at the expense of sources and waterways which are already tapped almost to the limit of their capacity, while pollution and the extension of road and building areas are between them depleting supplies more and more. One of the main deficiencies is that there is no real system of co-ordination between drainage policy and drought policy; with the result that though we have one of the most equable of climates and most stable of rainfalls, we find ourselves at the mercy of quite small abnormalities, and areas which are suffering from drought one week may literally be suffering from flood the next. It might have been supposed that the prevailing anxiety would spur the Government into undertaking a comprehensive survey of national water supplies and basing a Bill upon it, especially as the Cabinet now professes to be anxious to sanction public expenditure on development where it can clearly be shown to be in the national interest.

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THE RUSSIAN PLAN

IT was generally believed that Mr. Litvinov had a plan up his sleeve which would give a fillip to the exhausted Disarmament Conference. But the proposal that he produced at Geneva on Monday confounded all the prophets, and it was greeted with a chorus of surprise. On the face of it it looks simple and promising—promising at least to those who accept Mr. Litvinov's premises, dangerous to those who do not. But if it sets some doubts and fears at rest, it raises others, and we cannot throw our caps in the air till we know more details and are able to gauge the reactions of other Powers. The first reactions, as we write, are not too favourable. In Germany there is a profound suspicion both of Russia and of France. The United States, as Mr. Norman Davis has already made clear, will denounce aggressors, but will not take part in any European settlements, nor use its armed forces in any dispute anywhere. Conservative opinion in this country, besides being shy of anything that emanates from Moscow precisely because it emanates from Moscow, leans to the American view of troubles in Europe.

But let us look at the Russian plan dispassionately. Mr. Litvinov's premises are, first, that the present desperate situation is to be met not by throwing up the sponge, but by a renewed effort and, second, that that effort must be made on different and more realistic lines. The attempt to establish security through disarmament has broken down; let us then address ourselves to the problem of security, and disarmament may follow. Let the Conference be left in being, but no longer as merely a disarmament conference; it should be a "permanent peace conference," charged with the duty of preventing war, and, as the first and most hopeful step to that, seeking to devise a "workable system of guarantees." In his insistence on the importance of security Mr. Litvinov was at one with Mr. Henderson, who spoke before him; and, indeed, minds in every country have been moving faster and further in that direction, though there are wide differences of opinion as to how the security is to be achieved, and a still more widespread disinclination to take disarmament seriously. Security to one school of thought in Britain and in America means isolationism. That, so far as the safety of this country is concerned in the event of a European war, is a fond delusion; for continental nations it is not even a conceivable policy. They can only insure themselves by one of two alternatives—alliances of the old kind or the system of collective security which was subscribed to when the Covenant of the League was signed, but which the members of the League have for fifteen years refused to make effective. It seems incredible that any sane person should hesitate between these two alternatives; but in the European lunatic asylum more and more arguments have of late been found for choosing the worse. It was feared that Russia was preparing to throw her weight on this side and to seek safeguards in an alliance with France and the French satellites, which would in effect be pointed directly against Germany and indirectly against Japan. But Mr. Litvinov's speech last Monday falsified that fear—for the moment at least. He urged as a particular virtue of his plan that Germany and Japan, as well as the United States of America, could and should be members of this Conference, even though they might remain outside the League; it might indeed be the means of presently bringing the Germans back into the League.

There does not seem to be much ground for the alarm raised in some quarters that Mr. Litvinov's plan would kill the League, or that it meant that Russia had abandoned any intention of joining the League herself. The proposal, according to the reports to hand (we have not yet the authentic text), is that the Conference should be made a permanent organ of the League, and in no way a substitute for it. Some may think it would not much matter if it were to be a substitute for a League which has so signally failed not merely to agree on the reduction of armaments, but to check the growth of aggression and the preparations for war. The League, however, is not yet quite hopeless, and it is better to try to revivify and strengthen it from within than to pull it down and begin building afresh. But in any case, since the Russian object is not the destruction of the League, it is unnecessary to argue the point. What we want to know now is, how it is suggested this new organ shall function, whether it is to have some definite programme, whether it is to meet regularly or *ad hoc* in emergencies—in short, what exactly its functions are to be. Commentators in the press, gloomy or excited as the case may be, have hastened to supply answers to some of the questions. One says it will do nothing but perpetuate the existing deadlock. Others treat it as a dodge to shelve disarmament, in order that Russia may be free to employ, for some unspecified sinister purposes, her own immense forces. Others again, looking at it through "All British" spectacles, see it as a scheme "to embroil Britain abroad" and to rivet on us an "all-European Locarno." These are the critics to whom the principle of collective security is anathema. Collective security, they say, means sanctions, sanctions mean war; *ergo*, if we want to escape war, we must be no party to any general security scheme. This is a childlike argument, based on an obstinate refusal to face facts, geographical, economic, political or military. It has not so far been openly or officially accepted by the British Government; but, to judge by what we have seen of their policy and by Sir John Simon's speech at Geneva on Wednesday, it carries weight with them.

The Russian proposal has in principle much to be said for it. There is no justification for assuming that it has not been made in good faith. It does not exclude Germany; it asks her to come in. On that head, therefore, there is nothing mischievous in it; the mischief will come if it and everything else of a similar nature is repudiated. It has the merit not merely of keeping the Conference in being, but of keeping it in being to some effective purpose. A reduction of armaments is important; but big armaments are not in themselves the prime cause of war, they are the result of national policies inspired by aggressive ambitions or by fear. Whether those ambitions and fears can be eradicated in a system of sovereign capitalist States is more than doubtful. But obviously we cannot twiddle our thumbs and wait for the arrival of the Socialist Commonwealth of the World. If Armageddon is to be avoided, the attempt must be made to diminish fear and check aggression, and it must be made now, as it seems to us, on the lines of pooled security. Mr. Litvinov's plan is not sacrosanct; perhaps a better method of achieving the same purpose may be

found. But it must be the same purpose. The alternative to collective security is a gigantic rearmament, provocative alliances, and then war—" the bloodstained struggle " in which, Signor Mussolini tells us, " the fundamental virtues of man are revealed to the full light of the sun."

PERSECUTION

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN BAVARIA.]

NATIONAL Socialism has discarded human for race values. It extols ruthlessness over compassion, the Germanic over other races. National Socialism is therefore in inevitable conflict with the Christian Churches, even though many Nazis, by deft distortion of the Christian tradition, preserve the trappings of their Christian belief. The struggle between the extremist, *i.e.*, the logical, Nazis and the German Protestants is an internal German affair; Lutherans, in any case, have always accepted the submission of Church to State. But from time to time the Papacy has defied the might of German Empires, and the conflict between National Socialism and the Catholic Church creates a great international issue.

There are many Catholics in the Rhineland, in Baden and in Silesia, but in no part is the percentage of professing Catholics so high as in Bavaria, where the figure reaches 80, and in the City of Munich, 88 per cent. Many, perhaps most, Bavarians traditionally despise the uncultivated Protestants of Prussia, and wish even to-day to retain a considerable degree of autonomy. But Bavaria is a country of sharp antitheses. In 1919 a Communist Republic was established there; soon after its destruction the National Socialist Party was founded in Munich. These parties of violence constituted a protesting reaction against the clerical and conservative provincialism of the average Bavarian, and of the Wittelsbach regime of the pre-1918 days.

The Nazis are now in command of a Germany which they, at least administratively, have united as it was never united before. But while they govern from Berlin they keep their party headquarters at the Brown House at Munich, and it is there that the more violent Nazis formulate the policy which the administrators in Berlin water down. In a capital city, the diplomatic corps and the foreign press inevitably exercise a check upon the most chauvinist regime; it is, perhaps, the absence of this cosmopolitan restraint which makes Hitler, and most of the Nazi leaders, prefer Munich to Berlin. They have proclaimed the Bavarian city to be the cultural capital of the Third Reich, and vast building operations, which have driven the Nuncio from his residence, and are about to link up a series of Party buildings with the famous picture galleries, are a striking example of Nazi symbolism. There has been talk of Munich as political capital, too, especially when Austria shall be German, but the obvious objections to the change are fairly generally admitted.

If the Government of the Reich has been compelled to consider the judgments of the outside world, in the Government of Bavaria itself the influence of the wild men of the Party has been less restrained. This means that the administration of the least Nazi portion of Germany is most Nazi; but the tension which exists in Bavaria can only be understood when the technique of this administration has been more carefully examined. On July 20th, 1933, a Concordat was signed between Germany and the Vatican by which the Catholics of Germany should in future be safeguarded. The Catholics undertook, at the time, to abandon all political activity (Article 32); in return the Nazis agreed that all non-political Catholic associations should continue to exist without interference (Article 31). Now, on the one hand, the Nazi authorities are always ready to interpret every piece of Catholic behaviour as political; on the other, they countenance a secret police activity which utterly ignores the undertakings of the Concordat. The German Tcheka, under the command of the notorious Himmler, knows no law, but it controls the ordinary police, and is armed with every power it chooses to usurp; it cannot be resisted, for to appeal against it is in vain. Police confiscation is killing the Catholic press. It is quite impossible to discover how many priests have been sent to Dachau, but rumour said two came in every day for a time. The authorities feign ignorance, and the people dare not tell all that they know. " The walls have ears here, and I cannot *mention* politics to you," is the beginning of every talk one has with a Catholic; fairly soon his indignation will conquer his fear, but " Don't get me into prison " are his parting words.

As for the Catholic associations, arbitrary police orders, varying from town to town, attach intolerable conditions to the coming together of the most innocent Catholic societies, of maidservants, say, or boy scouts. In Munich, for instance, a police order some months ago forbade all Catholic societies to meet more than once in two months; when they do meet, it may not be in their ordinary meeting-place, for which they have paid the rent, but only in some other, and public, place, where, as some people suppose, it may be easier to beat them up; more than two people may be accused of holding a meeting. All this is declared to be consistent with the Concordat. At the beginning of May the local Nazis of Schweinfurt declared that Article 31 was to be rescinded in Lower Franconia, but this frank admission was quickly cancelled and " limited to the banning of uniforms and badges, and the appearance in public " of the Catholic youth. Swabia has just followed suit, though these things were additionally guaranteed to the Catholics last February. The green shirts of the Young Catholics have gradually been forbidden all over Bavaria; as the Hitler Youth were given to tearing them off their wearers, the prohibition became necessary in the interests of order.

The ministers, who willingly connive at the activities of Himmler's forces, are not merely Nazis of the more fervent kind, but several of them are Protestants, and so additionally deaf to Catholic appeals. The Bavarian Premier, Herr Siebert, is Protestant, for example, but it is the appointment of the Protestant, Herr Schemm, to direct education which the Catholics feel to be most provocative. At present the schools continue to be confessional, that is to say, definitely Catholic or definitely Protestant. Though the teachers in a Catholic school may—nay, must—give a Nazi flavour to their lessons, the Catholics regard the confessional schools as a protection. The Nazis are, of course, threatening to abolish them in favour of uniform State schools. There is also much Catholic indignation that the Nazi authorities have forbidden the majority of the Catholic holidays. All this combines with bitter memories of the beating-up of the Catholic apprentices in June, 1933, and legislation on inheritance and sterilisation has probably helped to destroy the peculiar popularity of the Nazis at the time of the election in March, 1933. The crowd demonstration in Munich on behalf of the priest who had been condemned for speaking against Dachau methods was an eloquent indication of this.

Except for Franconia, the Protestant industrial area around Nürnberg, anti-Semitic feeling has been inconspicuous in Bavaria. In Franconia, however, Herr Julius Streicher, whose publication *Der Stürmer* has now achieved such notoriety, has long been harrying the Jews. The tension in Bavaria was increased by Streicher's promotion in April to a closer association with the Bavarian Government, for this promotion signifies an intensification of the worst terrorisation —outside prisons and concentration camps—now operative in Germany. In seeking the full explanation of this, it should be remembered that anti-clericalism is one of the mainsprings of National Socialism, whose adherents genuinely regard the Catholic clergy as the " black international pest," second only in iniquity to Jewish bankers. Further than this, Bavaria is always a potential battleground between Vienna and Berlin, and, in the eyes of the Nazi, the Bavarian is, therefore, a separatist suspect; since the clerical triumph in Austria this year and the multiplication of Habsburg intrigues, something

like martial law in Bavaria seems to him a justifiable measure in defence of the integrity of the Reich.

Against the formidable Nazi machine how do the Bavarian Catholics defend themselves? First and foremost there is the Cardinal of Munich, Faulhaber, whose preaching has put new heart into the whole Christian opposition to National Socialism. In the land where Streicher was reviling the Jews as the bestial ravishers of Aryan women, Faulhaber's Advent Sermons did homage to the greatness of the Jews, and the Old Testament tribute to woman. It is difficult for the Nazis to silence a Cardinal who has courage, until they are prepared to break with the Vatican; people crowd to his sermons, and they will whisper to one how glad they are that they have their Cardinal in these unhappy times. But Faulhaber is not alone. Many humbler priests are preaching brave sermons to which even Himmler finds it difficult to object, sermons against the sin of sacrificing one's spiritual freedom in order to win bread. And behind the Bavarian clergy is the Vatican. The Pope, under the influence of Cardinal Pacelli, believed in the practicability of the Concordat at the time. But to-day it is clear that his attitude has entirely changed; during Papen's Easter visit to Rome, for instance, the Pope refused to receive him at all, and Papen is not only Germany's Vice-Chancellor, but also the German who signed the Concordat. While the Vatican awaits the report of the Fulda Bishops' Conference in June, many people speak of an imminent *Kulturkampf*, in which the full force of international Catholicism will come into play. Since the Saar is not much less Catholic than Bavaria, the German Government is likely at present to think twice before giving its extremists full rein. But when the plebiscite of 1935 is over Bavaria will have more to dread.

THE PROTECTORATES

[Professor Macmillan, to whom General Hertzog addressed some remarks in the Union Parliament on April 25th, was, until recently, Professor of History at the University of Johannesburg, of which he is still a Research Fellow. He is an authority on native affairs and was employed by the S. African Government to make an economic survey of the native district of Herschell, since reproduced in his book *Complex South Africa*.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

IN a considered statement in the Union House of Assembly on April 25th, General Hertzog indicated his intention to assert what he called "the right" given to the Union by the South Africa Act "to take over the Protectorates"—Basutoland, Bechuanaland and Swaziland—and even to back the claim by using economic pressure. "The Union suffers severe harm through not having control of these territories," says the Prime Minister, and he doubts if any Government can long resist the "growing feeling against allowing Protectorate natives to enjoy practically the same rights as Union natives." Evidence of this feeling was ominously given two weeks earlier by Sir Abe Bailey, who said that "these Protectorates . . . besides exporting diseases and locusts, export cattle, tobacco, wheat, wool, maize, mohair, and dairy produce, all competing with the farmers of the Union." Presumably this competition is to be suppressed.

Both the Prime Minister and Sir Abe Bailey took as their text a statement of mine that such transfer as they demand would be felt by the natives as a "betrayal." This it would undoubtedly be, and the Union has to learn that successful administration even of Africans needs their own consent. By the letter of the law the Crown may possibly dispose of a Colony if it sees fit; and in a Protectorate its power to do as it pleases may be even more absolute. There are, however, moral obligations. Bechuanaland, at least, was taken over by treaty with Khama and other unconquered chiefs, who entrusted their people's destinies to the direct protection of Great Britain. In 1891 an Order in Council under the Foreign Jurisdiction Act, citing this treaty as its warrant, established the present form of Government. By another Order in Council this responsibility might legally be transferred to the Union; but the British Government has repeatedly recognised that morally this can only be done with the consent of the natives, and when it has satisfied itself that the Union will fulfil obligations to them. The Union's so-called "right" is no more than to petition the King to use the power conferred by S. 151 of the Act of Union and transfer the territories subject to certain conditions prescribed by a schedule to that Act.

This schedule with its elaborate conditions and safeguards bears all the marks of earlier compromise. In 1909 when the Act of Union was framed the British Government had to choose between reconciling the Boers to the British connection and fulfilling its obligations to the natives. With almost a flourish of magnanimity it deliberately chose the former course, conceding, for instance, the demand that none but Europeans should be eligible for election to the Union Parliament. Its one concession to native interests was to await a more favourable moment for the transfer of the three Protectorates. The propitious moment has in fact receded, and native opinion is less amenable than ever to the change, for obvious reasons. Instead of making progress in a liberal direction, Union policy has grown steadily more anti-native. So far from the Cape franchise being extended, as was once confidently anticipated, it has been emasculated and restricted. The pass-laws remain—with a colour bar in industry and other repressive measures added.

Meantime, by well-known contemporary developments of Commonwealth constitutional politics, the "schedule" of 1909 has become completely ineffective as a safeguard of native rights against the wishes of the Union's all-white Parliament, for in terms of the Statute of Westminster, and of the latest Status Bill, the power of the King must now be exercised on the advice of His Majesty's Government in South Africa. But the wine of the Status Bill would seem to have gone to the heads of Union statesmen to persuade them that in the new circumstances to ask for the Protectorates is to receive. This time General Hertzog has infringed the first convention of Dominion Status by bluntly criticising the administration of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain in what is still the latter's territory. Mr. J. H. Thomas has at times jocularly reminded Imperial Conferences that Great Britain also enjoys Dominion Status. His Majesty's Government in Great Britain may be too correct to make the obvious retort that the position of the natives of the Union is a sore embarrassment, not only in the Protectorates, but in many other parts of the Empire. By general consent His Majesty's Government in Great Britain seldom withstands Dominion demands, even when they are to the detriment of vital British interests in Colonies and Protectorates. But the non-self-governing colonies are also rapidly developing a public opinion, and in view of its responsibilities His Majesty's Government in Great Britain must recognise that critics in West and East Africa, the West Indies—also India—will watch with concern their handling of native interests in these helpless Protectorates. Smooth relations with the Dominions may be bought at too heavy a price.

General Hertzog and Sir Abe Bailey have assurance indeed to comment on poverty and ill-health outside the Union, considering the state of the Union territories as described in their own Native Economic Commission Report of 1931 and in regular bulletins, which show them to be riddled with scurvy, endemic typhus, and the like. As for locusts and cattle disease, if the present measures are not effective that should be easily adjusted. In the past Union officers have, in fact, been allowed to deal with locusts in Bechuanaland, the Protectorate footing half the bill. The Union would hardly allow a claim that Swaziland should annex it for its failure to prevent locusts from recently crossing the Protectorate border.

Yet the present position is so unsatisfactory that it might advantageously be reviewed; and with goodwill on both sides the two Governments should be able to make a better arrangement. Undoubtedly the Protectorates ought, in a better ordered world, to be one unit with the Union, and there is no assured economic future for them except in the closest

co-operation with their bigger neighbour. The Union has treated them quite well in the matter of customs, collecting and paying them their share, and allowing them access to Union markets—not quite free access, since an embargo on low-grade cattle in practice excludes the native product. But if the Protectorate natives have "enjoyed practically the same" (not very extensive) "rights" as Union natives, Union employers at least have not been the losers, and the mines might have a word to say should the Protectorate "supply" of labour be cut off. Especially we look for entertainment when in the busy season General Hertzog tells his own Free State farmers that they shall no longer employ Basuto helpers.

The Union forgets that there are two sides to the question. The essence of the matter is that beyond doubt the natives of the Protectorates are solidly against incorporation in the Union. Poor as they are they prefer freedom to call their land and their souls their own, which they now enjoy, to the blessings of "incorporation." Sober judges consider that the transfer could hardly be effected without armed resistance and bloodshed, for which Great Britain as trustee would be morally responsible. There is also the necessity of considering reactions at home and in other parts of the Empire.

It is too much to hope that His Majesty's Government in Great Britain may belatedly take the occasion to use its influence on behalf of the Union natives whom she has so often left to their fate. In the Act of Union, and most recently in the Statute of Westminster, without a word to the unrepresented natives concerned, she surrendered the old slender safeguards requiring British consent and approval for certain South African native legislation. But General Hertzog's reopening of the question may be an opportunity to put an end once and for all to the present neglect of the interests of the Protectorates. As things are they cannot be handed over. Neither can they be left as they are. Their administrations, though more than they can afford, are mere skeletons, with a standard of recruitment far below that for the ordinary Colonial Service, and they are also obliged to walk warily for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of the Union by any innovations. Above all, their position is one of chronic uncertainty. With transfer always looming up as the natural end of their independence, the Treasury has studiously avoided commitments which the Union might be unwilling to take over. The Treasury has to make up for past neglect, and only a settled understanding with the Union can secure to the natives the benefits of this long-delayed economic development. Public opinion must see to this, in spite of, and if need be outside of, the Statute of Westminster.

W. M. MACMILLAN

A LONDON DIARY

MR. BROMLEY'S speech deprecating any Trade Union promise to strike against a threat of war on the ground that it may be necessary to help the Government fight against Fascism abroad sounded to me ominously reminiscent of the 1914 situation. At the Hastings Conference last year, just as at national and international labour conferences before the last war, the rank and file were enthusiastically in favour of opposing all and every war, and the T.U.C. were asked to consider and report on the proposition of a general strike against war. If one is to take Mr. Bromley as representative of the Trade Union leaders—and I think one may fairly do so—their natural and proper hatred of German Fascism seems likely again to betray their pacifism. Mr. Bromley's statement surely amounted to saying to the Government: "Only put your war on a good moral basis, call it a war for democracy against Fascism, and all the rest of it, and we are ready to fall in again." I hope the Labour movement is not again to fall into this trap. The danger lies in the ease with which the doctrine of collective security—which Labour has really honestly done its best in and out of office to make a reality—may be perverted. For the idea of collective security is part of a conception of a world commonwealth in which the nations, substantially disarmed, were to be pledged to use their remaining force as an international police force. If the actual situation is that the nations are grouped (in or out of Geneva) into rival camps, arming against each other on old Balance of Power lines—then the doctrine of collective security will be nothing more or less than a springe to catch woodcocks. The T.U.C. should be leading the fight against Fascism in England.

* * *

Three weeks ago Mr. Dobbie, a Labour Member, put a curious question in the House. He asked whether high officials of the War Office or other departments were allowed to hold shares in firms dealing directly or indirectly with their departments. The Government spokesman referred him to the Treasury Circular of March, 1928, issued at the time of the Gregory case. It stated that not only must officials have no such connections, but that they must avoid even giving a possible suspicion of such connections. Apropos this question and answer, the *Week*—that *enfant terrible* of journalism—made specific and exact allegations that a high official, whose name was given, does in fact hold a large number of shares in a banking house which controls a steel firm which is on the War Office list. I have been waiting ever since for the skies to fall: nothing so far has happened. But I understand that the matter is soon to be raised in Parliament.

* * *

I do not know how many non-scientific people have followed the recent correspondence in *Nature* about the relationship between genuine scientific research and research which is really military research in disguise. It began with an article based on the allegations in *Patriotism, Ltd.*, and ended with a long letter from the secretary of the U.D.C., which was responsible for the pamphlet. I am glad to see that the point has thoroughly made its way amongst at least one important group of scientific workers. I have in front of me a letter, signed by seventy-nine scientific workers and teachers of the University of Cambridge. Every department of scientific research seems to be represented among the signatories. They affirm their fundamental opposition to the use of scientific research in war and in the preparation for war; they also protest against the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. "A situation may in the near future arise in which scientific workers would be subjected to considerable temptation and pressure to engage in research of a kind especially directed to the purpose of war. . . . It is the duty of those scientists who refuse to be a party to the frustration and misapplication of science in war to try to dissuade their colleagues from betraying in this way the best interests of humanity." And, "since the Disaffection Bill will assuredly be interpreted as applying to research as well as to combatant members of the Government's Forces, effective contact with our fellow scientific workers will be prevented."

* * *

I can add a pendant to the story that I told last week of the performances of a rural planning authority, which "messed up" the design of a distinguished architect for a studio for a well-known artist, because it wished to "educate her in good taste." The same authority a few days later had before it a plan for a small house designed in the modern functional style. It had a flat roof and corner windows, and because it was built for sunlight, the north wall had no windows. This plan was ruthlessly turned down. It did not suit (so it was said) "our mellow countryside," and the warning was added that "we shall never tolerate a flat roof in our country." There was no time for an appeal, because the two ladies for whom the house was to be built had meanwhile given up the lease of their present cottage. The plans have been altered to a perfectly commonplace design, in which, as they say, they can take no interest or pleasure. One of them is, as it happens, the sister of a painter whose landscapes of this "mellow" country are among the best work of

British art to-day. I see that the plans for a colony of houses at Ruislip, designed somewhat in the Corbusier manner, have also been turned down and abandoned. It seems that the aesthetic censorship under the Town Planning Act is being widely used to stop any pioneering or experiment in domestic architecture. We were already in this matter a generation behind Holland and Germany, and now the advance is checked by local officialdom just as it had begun.

* * *

A correspondent calls my attention to a curious item in the auction stamp catalogue of Messrs. Harmer, Rooke and Co. for April 12th, 1934. One of the lots reads: "Germany: 10 pf. carmine: 15 pf. State violet, the two forgeries made by the British Government, in mint blocks of four." I have made inquiries and am informed that stamp forgery was one of the many very efficient activities of our espionage service during the war. The forgeries are too good to be detected by any except the most expert eye, and there may be a number of collectors who own stamps which they believe to be the *bona fide* and almost worthless originals, but which are really forgeries worth something up to £1 apiece. It would be interesting to know just what exigencies of espionage necessitated the use of forged stamps.

* * *

The Connaught Rooms stand opposite this office. On Tuesday evening there were great goings-on. From my window I watched the arrival of the police; I saw them efficiently guiding the long stream of Rolls-Royces and Daimlers which decanted their illustrious freight, white-waistcoated and bemedalled, on to the red carpet which proclaimed the importance of the occasion. The place was full of police; they stood near the doors, at intervals along the pavements, in the fairway and at the ends of the street. Ordinary cars were discreetly deflected down side-ways. My own ancient car, parked outside the office, looked so shabby that I feared a prosecution for *lèse majesté*. Who is expected? "Yes," someone whispered, "it is ——. He is coming Himself." A hush descended on the street. It was empty but for the police and small knots of people gaping on the pavement. All the cars had come and gone: everyone had arrived. We waited silently for the Arrival. The only person moving was an artisan walking home from work. Suddenly the silence was shattered. A cheerful voice from the crowd hailed the solitary walker. "I say, Bill, they must have known you were coming this way." Someone laughed loudly; smiles rippled round; the tension was broken; the police kept their faces with an effort. It is good to see a small pebble of humour dropped into the ornamental pool of snobbery.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

FIVE SHILLINGS will in future be paid to the sender of the best contribution of the week to this column. All cuttings suitable for inclusion should be addressed "This England," 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

DUCE'S REMEDY FOR DEFICIT.
"LET US EMULATE BRITAIN."
LOWER WAGES FOR WORKERS.
£33,000,000 MORE FOR ARMAMENTS.

A high tribute to Great Britain was paid by Signor Mussolini. . . .—*Observer*, May 27th.

The suggestion that men under sentence of death should be substituted for animals in vivisection experiments was made by the Lord Mayor of Portsmouth (Alderman Sir Harold Pink) at the annual meeting to-day of the South Hampshire and Portsmouth branch of the R.S.P.C.A. Alderman Pink said he had never cared for any sport which entailed the destruction of or damage to animal life, and he thought it would be advantageous to include in school curriculums the ethics of kindness to animals.—*Evening Standard.*

It was very difficult to hold a community together on a Socialist basis when people would go and fall in love in the old way.—Mrs. Dora Russell, speaking to the Oxford University Labour Club, as reported in the *Oxford Times.*

The Pope paid a glowing tribute to artillerymen to-day when he received in audience 4,000 members of the National Ex-Artillerymen's Association, who had returned from their national conference at Naples. "Artillery," said the Pope, "remains one of the learned arms, which demands not only special physical qualities, but also qualities of spirituality and intelligence."—*Daily Express.*

Dogs were the principal guests at an unusual tea party held in London. The party was given by Miss Joan Mortimer, a well-known swimmer, for her pet poodle, Barbet Chiquito.

One of the guests was Mrs. W. E. S. Trelawny, secretary of the Ladies' Kennel Association, who described the event to the *Daily Mirror.*

"It was a wonderful affair," she said, "and all the dogs behaved beautifully. I took my poodle Solomon, and there were twenty-one others, beside Miss Mortimer's." The dogs and their owners were formally announced by the butler as they entered the drawing-room, Solomon being given the prefix of "Mr." Delicious party food was provided, the chief item being a large birthday cake decorated with yellow icing and bearing three candles. "There were lovely little sausages wrapped in greaseproof paper and tied with coloured ribbon," continued Mrs. Trelawny. "Most of the poodles also had ribbon on them, and as each one arrived it was handed a sausage tied with the same coloured ribbon as it was wearing.

"Another delicacy consisted of thin strips of cooked liver, which were greatly appreciated." When tea was over, all the guests, canine and human, were led out to the mews by the side of the house, where photographs were taken to commemorate the occasion. Towards the end of the party, Chiquito, the host, became rather irritable, so he had to be sent to his kennel in a corner of the room. The banishment did not worry him much, however, for he had a fine new birthday present to play with—a pair of bedroom slippers, which he could chew as much as he liked.—*Daily Mirror.*

A divorce jury was astonished recently to see a bedroom door brought forward for their inspection "in the luncheon interval." The case turned on certain keyhole observations, and the door, by agreement, was put in as evidence. Painted a rich blue, lady jurors peeped through the keyhole to satisfy themselves that "observations" could be made through it.—*Star.*

When she came out she was distinguished as being one of the few well-educated debutantes. Since then she has been at the London School of Economics.—*Evening Standard.*

The T.T. motor-cycle races are the sport of youth. As long as we can beat the youth of the world at this game, as we have done consistently for many years, there is little wrong with our young men. To win a T.T. race requires courage, judgment, brains, and a perfect machine. We may lose at lawn tennis and at golf, but when it comes to real grit we do not fail. . . .—*Daily paper.*

Let the House of Commons be ample room and verge enough to echo their platitudes, but keep them, oh, keep them, from mingling their muddy water with the hitherto pure and vigorous strains of the Lords' Debates.—A.A.B. in the *Saturday Review.*

Lord Lloyd, speaking at Exeter . . . said that . . . he agreed that we were honestly pledged to make the experiment in self-government in India, but not at any particular moment or in any particular way.—*The Times.*

Middlesbrough Corporation housing committee yesterday decided to ask for the resignation of their woman housing inspector, Mrs. Stewart Matthews. It was alleged that she had been giving birth control advice to the tenants. Mrs. Matthews, who was appointed only two months ago, declared that she had only given advice when asked for it.—*Daily paper.*

It is difficult to go into a restaurant without seeing the little Maharanee of Cooch-Behar. She visits England nearly every year. —*Evening Standard.*

With the bloodhounds came their trainer, Mr. T. T. Green, a 53-year-old huntsman. He wore a hunting coat and velvet hunting cap, top boots and spurs, and carried a huntsman's horn. Mr. Green was about to leave home to attend his sister's funeral when the request to take charge of the bloodhounds reached him. He at once changed his mourning clothes for his hunting clothes and set out.—*Evening News*, reporting the man-hunt on the Sussex Downs.

THE FUTURE OF MONEY. II.—THE IMMEDIATELY POSSIBLE

THE contrast has often been drawn between two rival—and usually inconsistent—objects of monetary policy. These are, first, the stabilisation of exchange rates and, secondly, the stabilisation of internal prices. Under present conditions the first of these objects is clearly unattainable with any security, except over short periods and within certain limits of fluctuation. The second has ceased for the present to be an objective, because those who used to advocate it as an immediate policy now practically all hold that present prices are too low, and that they should be revived to a higher level before stabilisation can be desirable. On the other side, those who do not want to raise prices do not want to stabilise them either; so that there is practically no demand for price-stabilisation at present levels.

The two familiar rival monetary policies are thus left hanging in the air, with no point of contact with present realities. The controversy between the two schools may be resumed with full vigour at a later stage; but at present, in its customary form, it offers no direct help in facing our immediate problem. It does, however, underlie current monetary controversies, dividing the monetary politicians into those who make the ultimate restoration of the international gold standard their over-riding objective, and those who hold that each country should adopt primarily a national monetary policy suited to its own needs.

What is the right policy from a purely national point of view depends, of course, on what the national needs are conceived to be. The more a country is interested in exports, the more concerned it is not to have too high an international value set on its currency in relation to those of its competitors. The more a country is a creditor, the greater interest it has in having its currency highly valued, wherever its receipts from abroad are payable in its own money. The more a country is a debtor, owing debts in foreign currencies, the more it must hesitate before allowing its own currency to depreciate in international value. The more a country performs financial services for others, the more concerned it is to keep its money stable in relation to theirs. All these elusive interests tend therefore to concentrate their attention on the problem of the exchanges, arguing for different policies according to their special needs and situations.

On the other hand, the more self-sufficient a country is in its economic affairs, the less it needs to concern itself with the rates of exchange, and the more it is free to consider the adoption of a monetary policy suited to the requirements of production for the home market. The advocates of managed monetary systems designed to secure an adequate flow of domestic purchasing power find their chief support among the interests concerned with the domestic markets, and are usually strongest in those countries in which the greatest part of the output is consumed at home.

It is not, however, possible to divorce consideration of the home market from the problem of exports. America has now discovered this. By far the largest part of American production is consumed at home; but American farmers depend very greatly on the world market. In this case, the interests of farmers and industrialists run together in respect of money, against the interests of bankers, rentiers and international creditors; for both farmers and industrialists want a liberal credit policy designed to raise prices at home, and both are favourable to an exchange policy that will help exports. That is why it is difficult to set limits to the possible degree of dollar depreciation, unless internal industrial recovery proceeds for and fast enough to isolate the farming interest.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, the balance of forces is different. The farmers are not interested in exports, but in a protected home market. The industrialists are concerned with exports; but they are by no means solid, and many of them are disposed to prefer increased protection in the home market to an attempt to stimulate sales abroad. This applies, for example, to the crude steel producers (but not to the finishers), and to a large proportion of the newer industries. Of the coalowners, only a minority is interested in exports. There is accordingly in Great Britain no widespread pressure from farmers or industrialists for exchange depreciation, which is strongly resisted by the banker and creditor classes; but there is pressure for a more liberal credit policy, irrespective of its efforts on the rates of exchange.

British industrial opinion as a whole therefore tends to regard the problem of exchange rates as secondary, and the adequacy of the flow of money to internal needs as the primary consideration. This attitude is at the back of the conflict between City opinion and the industrialists. Undoubtedly, profiting by the depreciation of the dollar, our monetary authorities, finding their gold stock and their exchange position powerfully reinforced, have been able to relax credit conditions during the past year, without setting up reactions which they dislike on the exchanges; and this fortuitous coincidence between the requirements of two often conflicting policies goes some way towards explaining the recent improvement in British conditions. The sense of monetary stringency has for the moment largely disappeared; and what relaxed credit alone can do for industrial recovery is to some extent actually being done.

There is, however, obviously no guarantee of the permanence of this policy. The bankers have permitted it, because for the time being it has not conflicted with their own objects. But if at any time the policy of low interest rates and fairly liberal credit did come to conflict with the maintenance of the rates of exchange which they hold to be desirable, what would happen? Almost certainly they would revert at once to their allegiance to deflation, and tell the industrialists to whistle for the money needed for industrial expansion.

The lesson of France is here in point; for France, in danger of being driven off gold, is resorting to wholesale deflation by both reducing wages and pensions all round and dismissing workers from every branch of Government employment. It is true that this policy is flatly contradicted by the simultaneous promise to institute a large national scheme of public works, to be financed by the loan of funds by the State insurance and other schemes. But we shall believe in these public works when we see them actually in operation; and in any event the experience of other countries shows that public works take a long time to mature. Even that reputed hustler, Mr. Roosevelt, is only now getting his scheme of public works, started a year ago, thoroughly into action—if even now.

In Great Britain it is at any rate something gained that even financiers now pay at least lip-service to the idea of cheap money, and that for the moment the obstacle in the way of more rapid recovery is not shortage of currency or credit, but bad public policy in the economic sphere. A more liberal emission of bank credit could not, by itself, do much to speed up the recovery of industry; for what is chiefly lacking at the moment is neither capital nor credit, but the demand for them. This demand only the Government is in a position to furnish, by reversing the policy of "economy" in the public services, and above all by setting out, with the aid of the cheap money that is available, on large programmes of loan expenditure for constructive purposes. A big housing scheme, an enlarged road programme, a real drive for school reorganisation, a rationalisation of the distribution as well as the production of electrical power, including an effective extension of supply in the rural areas, a water-grid and perhaps a gas-grid as well—these and many other projects are waiting to be taken up, and can be taken up now with far more immediate and cumulative effect than when they were being advocated deeper down in the trough of the depression. For now the need is not to counteract a falling tendency in production, but to foster and stimulate an existing tendency to an advance.

If a right economic policy of this sort were to be pursued it would, of course, be indispensable to guarantee its accompaniment by an appropriate monetary policy. It would be fatal

to launch on a programme of industrial recovery, and then allow it to be nullified by a credit contraction induced by external causes. What is wanted, if we are to get a recovery under Capitalism, is a firm assurance that the financial conditions required for an enlargement of industrial activity up to a satisfactory level of production and employment will be continued irrespective of external influences on the value of sterling—in other words, that instead of seeking to peg sterling to a predetermined gold value, our policy will be to find the internal monetary supply which the industrial system requires, and adjust, and subsequently from time to time readjust, the gold value of sterling to fit that condition.

Such a policy is, of course, inconsistent with a return at any time to the gold standard in the old sense. It is inconsistent with any policy that would permanently fix the value of sterling in terms either of gold or of other currencies. For it involves that freedom must be retained to vary, or let vary, the exchanges whenever international monetary forces come into conflict with internal needs. It does not imply that our domestic policy should be that of stabilising internal prices; for certainly we want many prices to rise now, and we may hereafter want many prices to fall as the efficiency of production advances. Stability of prices is the wrong criterion, at least in a capitalist society: the right one is the adequacy of monetary supply to secure the full employment of the available productive resources, up to the limit set by our preference for more leisure in the community over more goods and services.

What we are saying does imply that the interests of industrial production should be preferred to those of the creditor and financial interests. It does imply a willingness, if need be, to let our debtors off some more of these sterling debts by lowering their value in other currencies. It does imply a preparedness, *if need be*, to jeopardise that part of the business of the City which is held to depend on the guaranteed stability in the gold value of the pound. Much used to be made of this latter point, which was used to hold us to the gold standard long after we ought to have left it in 1931. But sterling depreciation did not cost the City its business—though this has of course been much diminished by the sharp decline in the value of international trade. It is not proven there would be any serious repercussions on our financial business if we were to declare that we had no intention of ever going back to the gold standard in the old sense, but meant instead to pursue a policy designed primarily to satisfy our internal monetary needs.

Of course, such a policy implies "management" of money, not only because it substitutes no alternative "automatic" standard for that of gold, but also because it would be indispensable as part of it so to act as to limit and regulate the short-term fluctuations of the rates of exchange. Changes in the broad parity of the exchanges would be few and far between, and would be invoked only to deal with major disparities, and not to correct purely seasonal or temporary movements. These would be kept in check by the Exchange Equalisation Fund, as they are now; and it is important that the Fund has shown itself highly effective as a protection against the currency speculator. There would have, of course, to be consultation between Governments and Central Banks; and changes in the normal rates of exchange would have to be made with due regard to their repercussions on other countries. A technique of consultation would need to be gradually evolved; and it would soon be evolved if the new method were formally adopted. Under such conditions, gold would retain its use as a means of settling international balances; but it would cease to be the automatic regulator either of the relative values of different currencies or of the plenty or scarcity of national money within a single currency area.

This policy alone has the advantage of giving freedom to adapt credit conditions to national needs, combined with enough short-term stability in the exchanges to satisfy the legitimate claims of international trade and finance.

THE LION AND THE SHEEP

"IT is better," Mussolini has been assuring his followers, "to live as a lion for a day, than as a sheep for a hundred years." This seems to me to be highly improbable. I have never heard anything about the lion that has made it seem worth while being a lion even for a single day. It is a beast that cannot compromise with civilisation. Certain scholars believe that it survived in Greece till the time of Herodotus, but the Greeks apparently thought poorly of it, since they got rid of it before the great days of Pericles. Europe, indeed, scarcely began to be civilised till the last lion had been killed or captured. It is only as a slave beast that it has been allowed to exist in Europe for the last two thousand years and more. The Romans found lions entertaining animals to throw Christians to, but they did not let lions loose in their fields. To-day the best use to which Europeans can put lions is to imprison them in a cage in a zoo. There is a lion in the Roman Zoo with an inscription on the cage announcing that it is the gift of Mussolini. Is it worth while being a lion in order to be presented to a zoo even by a statesman of genius? Does Mussolini really regard it as the lordliest life to prowl and growl in a cage and to be stared at by trippers? Better than that, surely, even to be a clergyman exhibiting himself in a barrel at Blackpool for gain. The clergyman at least is free outside his working hours, and does not live under the domination of a keeper. On the whole, the lion's life seems little superior to that of a convict, except for the fact that it is pampered at meal-times.

As for the lion in its native haunts, what qualities has it that should make human beings envy it? According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, "the accounts of early writers as to courage, nobility and magnanimity have led to a reaction; causing some modern writers to accuse it of cowardice and meanness." Livingstone denied that it was either as ferocious or as noble as its reputation. At best it is a sneaking sort of animal. It is a beast of prey that does not like to be seen about in daylight, an assassin that strikes in the dark. It has no sense of honour and seldom attacks its victim openly. "For the most part he steals upon it in the manner of a cat, or ambushes himself near to the water or a pathway frequented by game." We need not be over censorious of him, for he is no more than a beast; but he is no model for young men in the twentieth century.

True, he is strong and good-looking, and he can gallop for short distances almost as fast as a horse. Also he has a most impressive roar. The *Encyclopaedia* quotes an admirable description by Gordon-Cumming of the roaring of lions at its best. "On no occasion," he declares, "are their roars to be heard in such perfection, and so intensely powerful, as when two or three troops of strange lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties, and, when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear."

That, I think, is the secret of the lion's charm for human beings. He is no use except for killing Christians, but he can roar magnificently. Every normal human being longs to be able to roar, to "sound a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties." There are few greater luxuries known to man than that. We like even to hear other people roaring: it convinces us of their sincerity. We are spell-bound if the roar is loud enough.

I remember how a clergyman, returning from a holiday too late to have time to prepare his Sunday sermon, borrowed a manuscript sermon of my father's and took it into the pulpit with him on the following morning. To his consternation he found that there were words and phrases in the manuscript which, when he came on them, he could not make head or tail of, for the handwriting was not too legible. He afterwards

described how he triumphed over circumstances. "When I came to a sentence that I could not read," he said, "I simply beat the cushion and roared as loud as I could." After the service people came round and congratulated him with shining eyes on having performed the greatest feat of oratory of his life. There is music in a roar, as the greatest street-corner orators know. Anybody can talk sense, but hardly anybody will listen to it; roar the greatest nonsense at the top of your voice, however, and a crowd will be listening open-mouthed before the end of two minutes.

Hence it is not surprising that the art of roaring is being more and more widely practised in Europe every day. Reason is for the moment dethroned, not being sensational enough for the age of the film, and instinct has taken its place; and instinct bids men roar. The politics of roaring have captured some of the leading countries of Europe, and roaring has even spread to literature. I have read several works by young writers lately which were little more than roaring at the opposite parties. Let the roarers not deceive themselves, however, into imagining that one has only to roar like a lion in order to be a lion. According to Livingstone, the roar of a lion is indistinguishable from that of an ostrich. Possibly, a good deal of the roaring that is going on in Europe to-day is the roaring not of lions but of ostriches.

Even so, the roar of a lion is terrifying to most human beings, and it is natural to wish to strike terror into one's fellow-men. That, no doubt, is why the British adopted the lion as their patron animal. All these national animals imply challenge and hostility. The Scots even chose the most minatory of plants as a patriotic emblem. The Americans and Germans symbolised their nationality with the not very useful bird of prey, the eagle. The French made a more civilised choice in the farmyard cock, but it must be remembered that the cock is the most pugnacious of domestic birds. It seems to me that we shall never have peace in the world till we have got rid of all these fighting beasts and birds as emblems of patriotism. Can the League of Nations not appoint a committee to investigate the matter? It would need only a few sittings to abolish the whole menagerie of pugnacity, and to assign to each nation a symbolic animal denoting peace and goodwill. Germany might become dove-like if only she got accustomed to thinking of herself as a dove. America might forget her debt if she saw herself admiringly as the milch-cow of Europe. Italy might become even more lovable than she remains under all her rulers if she adopted as her patron animal the harmless ortolan. Russia might become the pet of Europe if everybody got to associate her with some household pet—say, a kitten. England, I am sure, would be glad to get rid of her leonine reputation. It is obviously already her intention, if she remains a lion at all, to become more and more like the lion who refused to eat Androcles. That is what makes Lord Rothermere so disgusted. If he had seen the lion making friends with Androcles in the arena, he would have cried out angrily to it: "What do you think lions are for? Get on with your job, and none of this white-flaggery." Yet Androcles's lion is the only lion I ever heard of that everybody loves. That, it may be retorted, is because we are getting soft. The truth is, we were always soft. Nobody ever liked the idea of being eaten by a wild beast.

The theory, then, that it would be a fine thing to live like a lion for a day does not seem to hold water. If the life of a lion were so desirable, men would not for centuries have been doing their best to exterminate lions. The sheep, on the other hand—*there* is an animal that all human beings, except vegetarians, admire and do their utmost to keep alive. We rent fields and mountainsides for the sheep's exclusive use. We pay shepherds to look after him as we pay nursemaids to look after our children. We buy sheep-dip to keep him clean, and feed him in winter, and cut his hair, and, in fact, treat him more or less as one of ourselves. It is true that in the end we kill him, but we kill him, not as we kill a lion, because we dislike him, but because we like him. Meanwhile, he can live with a good conscience. He is no nocturnal skulker preying on his fellow-creatures. He is not the terror of the community, but its generous servant. Why should he not be happy, even if he lived for a hundred years? I should have thought that in almost every respect the sheep was the pattern of the good citizen. He helps to clothe and feed us as no lion ever did; and scarcely ever does a sheep die without leaving the world a better place than he found it. And what a life he has while it lasts—those skippings of infancy, that endless sociability, that perpetual holiday among some of the finest scenery on the planet! The lion in his cage has no life comparable to this. Even the poor hunted lion in the jungle, roar as he will, can never enjoy the free life of the sheep. Mussolini should think again. I cannot see a single ground, apart from the roar, on which it is not infinitely better to be a sheep than a lion.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE BLUFF OF THE CORPORATE STATE

SIR,—On one point I should like to add to your correspondent's reply to the letter you published last week from "A Group of Students of Fascism." In their letter, if not in their minds, there is a mixing up of various facts which should be kept distinct.

In September, 1918, the Christian Democrats of Italy founded the "Italian Confederation of Workers." The Confederation was a self-governing national centre for all the Christian unions, or syndicates, then existing, and it organised other unions. Supported directly by the Italian Popular Party, and indirectly by the Azione Cattolica, its adherents soon numbered 1,052,000. The Confederation had its own representatives on the Government Labour Committee, and its own experts in the Committees and Assemblies of the International Labour Office at Geneva. It was also an associate of the Christian International Federation of Utrecht (*Cf. Contemporary Review*, April, 1932, p. 499).

The Italian Confederation of Workers (known as "The White") shared the fate of the Socialist General Confederation of Labour (called "The Red"). Both were dissolved under the Fascist law of April 3rd, 1926. The component unions, or syndicates, of both Confederations were dispersed.

Consequently, between the end of 1927 and the beginning of 1928, the Azione Cattolica, under the direct supervision of the Holy See, created a Social Institute of its own. This Institute was a kind of central office of which the aim was to foster the social and religious education of its members who, according to their various crafts or trades, had to be registered members of the Fascist syndicates. The Fascist syndicates alone possessed and possess legal and economic status.

The Social Institute of Rome was, on a very small scale, a kind of Catholic Social Guild like that of England, that is to say, without any syndical organisation or trade unions of its own. The Christian Social education of its members was its only task.

Nevertheless, the Social Institute gave umbrage to the Fascists; and when, in May, 1931, it organised in the streets of Rome a public demonstration and procession to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of Leo XIII's Encyclical *On the Condition of Workers* the Fascists suppressed it.

During the ensuing clash between Mussolini and the Vatican, the Encyclical *Non abbiamo bisogno* (June 29th, 1931) was published. In this Encyclical the Pope condemned certain Fascist theories and also the oath of allegiance to Fascism. In the following September an agreement was reached between the Vatican and Mussolini on the basis of reciprocal concessions. The Social Institute disappeared as a special organisation and the Azione Cattolica took over the task of the religious and social education of Catholic workmen belonging to Catholic associations, not one of which has ever been or is to-day a labour syndicate or union.

LUIGI STURZO

SIR,—In the article on "The Bluff of the Corporate State," the original statement made on industrial wages ran:

> In 1932 the Under-Secretary of State for the Corporations wrote as follows: "Between June 1927 and December 1928 the wages of industrial workers have gone down by about 20 per cent., and a further reduction of 10 per cent. was made in 1929. . . ."

In reply, your "group of students of the Corporate State" gives figures stated to be taken from the *Revue Internationale du Travail* and the *Bulletin mensuel de Statistiques de la Société des Nations*, and they say "In the following table, taking 1928 as the maximum year both for wages and cost of living. . . ." It is unusual to "take" a year as a maximum year if it is not a maximum year, but apparently your students are not even very elementary students of statistics, because they say they do so! Perhaps they mean "basic," because the second line of their own table shows that 1928 was not the year in which the cost of living reached its maximum.

Secondly, the table which the "students" give, though it apparently contradicts the figures given by an official of the Italian State in respect of the year 1929, cannot pretend to answer the statement as to big wage cuts in 1927–28. The "students" have themselves shown that 1928 was not the year in which the cost of living was at a maximum. The statement of the Under-Secretary would appear to indicate that in 1928 wages were not at a maximum either. In other words, it appears that a "convenient" basic year has been chosen—whether by ignorance in the use of statistics or design cannot be said. It is true that League of Nations statistics are not available for 1927—this does not excuse the statement that "it is not necessary to give 'Fascist figures.'" It makes it sillier than it would be otherwise, the League of Nations' statistics not being available over a period with which the first of the statements originally quoted was concerned.

Thirdly, the "students'" statement that their figures "unquestionably prove that the Italian workman, if he is in employment, is on an average distinctly better off than he was six years ago" is untrue. It *may* be that the workman is on the average better off, but the figures given do not of themselves justify such a statement, because no information is given as to hours worked, nor as to whether the figures quoted as "wages" are in fact earnings or wage-*rates*, nor as to taxation. Any way, it is usual for wage-earners who remain in full employment to be better off, on such a comparison, in "slumps" than in "booms," because wages are stickier than prices. The official British indices of wage rates and of the cost of living can similarly be said to prove that the British wage-earner, if he has remained in employment, is also better off now than he was in 1928. But unemployment, and short time, are of course rather vital matters, and without exact information on these points, and also on direct and indirect taxation, such a statement is almost worthless.

Following are the statistics of those wholly unemployed in Italy, taken from the Statistical Year-Book of the League of Nations 1932–33.

1927	..	..	278,484
1928	..	..	324,422
1929	..	..	300,787
1930	..	..	425,437
1931	..	..	734,454
1932	..	..	1,006,442

It is stated that "The Italian statistics, compiled from various sources, mainly from compulsory insurance returns, are furnished by the Social Insurance Fund and cover the majority of workers in industry and the various trades, inclusive of agriculture" (pp. 42 and 44).

PHILIP H. MASSEY

4 Mecklenburgh Street, W.C.1.

THE ADMIRALTY AND THE SEDITION BILL

SIR,—As an ex-Able Seaman and one who has kept in constant touch with the Navy since 1918, I request your permission to make a few comments upon the article from a naval correspondent entitled, "The Admiralty and the Sedition Bill."

Let me take the first of the subjects dealt with by him, namely, the mutiny at Invergordon in October, 1931. It is not generally recognised that the Lower Deck was ready to accept the ten per cent. cut in pay, such as was enforced by the Government in the case of Civil Servants, teachers and other State employees, but it so happened that one particular class of seamen was asked to submit to a much larger curtailment of income. The position can be explained quite briefly. Soon after the war, the A.B.'s pay was raised to 4*s*. a day, and with other allowances the remuneration enabled a large proportion of the younger seamen to get married. In 1925 came the Geddes cut, and under the new dispensation those reaching the status of A.B. received only 3*s*. a day. The cut, however, was not retrospective, with the result that for several years there existed two rates of pay for the same work. This was admittedly a not very satisfactory arrangement, but then it must be remembered that those who joined the Navy after 1925 did so with their eyes open, knowing the conditions as to pay, and hardly any of them undertook matrimonial responsibilities until they had acquired the rank of Leading Seaman. But in 1931, the Government, in its panic-stricken efforts to keep on the gold standard, insisted upon such drastic economies that by a stroke of the pen this difference in the scale of pay received by two classes of seamen was abolished, with the result that the A.B.s who joined the Navy before 1925 suddenly found themselves deprived of 7*s*. a week, while their marriage allowances were also reduced. Without going into further details it may be said that the cut in their pay was in the neighbourhood of 20 per cent. This was a shattering blow, for it meant the complete break-up of many homes. It speaks well for the solidarity of the Lower Deck as a whole that its members were ready to risk everything in order to protect the interests of a section constituting perhaps not more than a fifth of their total numbers.

In making a protest to the naval authorities, the spokesmen of the A.B.s complained that their wives were being driven to prostitution. As it did not appear possible to obtain redress of their grievance by constitutional means, Lower Deck representatives of all the ships of the Atlantic Fleet met in the canteen ashore at Invergordon and, after ejecting a couple of fatuous Communists who had come to the meeting uninvited, it was decided to refuse duty the following morning when the fleet were due to go to sea. A bugle sound from the ship first in the line was a signal that the mutiny had begun. Within a short space of time every forecastle was thronged with Lower Deck ratings singing "The more we are together the happier we shall be," and all day long the strains of this rousing but good-humoured ditty passed across the water from ship to ship. By this means the Lower Deck ratings maintained their sense of solidarity.

Where I differ from your correspondent is in his assumption that the mutiny was occasioned by a discord between officers and men. As a matter of fact, what saved the situation was the presence among the officers of a sufficient number of very fine gentlemen who, while feeling deeply the humiliation to which a misguided monetary policy had exposed the Royal Navy, were ready to make a patient investigation of the men's grievances. As evidence of the good feeling which existed at this time, I may mention the case of a Commander (let us call him "Commander Smith") who strode on to the forecastle of his ship and remonstrated with the men. While all the Lower Deck ratings present were firm in their resolve not to answer his summons, "Both watches for exercise, fall in!" they bore him no personal grudge. A Leading Seaman called for "Three cheers for Commander Smith," and there was a very hearty response. The Commander, having received this tribute of esteem, retired to his cabin, perhaps to consider at leisure how it came about that the discipline of the Royal Navy could be wrecked as the result of the activities of international financiers, apparently possessed of power to compel the Government of the day to propose retrenchments which, had they been permitted, would have caused the wives of Able Seamen to be "driven to prostitution."

Yet surely there never was a more good-humoured mutiny. Is it not a fact that in one of the super-dreadnoughts, during the return of the Atlantic Fleet to home ports after the Invergordon incident, officers and men were to be found playing deck hockey together? I will venture upon the opinion that the "mutiny," so far from resulting in strained relations between officers and men, has actually brought them closer together. One naval Captain of my acquaintance informed me that, after studying in detail the household budget of a married Able Seaman, and realising the extreme economy which must be exercised by the housewife if she is to make both ends meet, never again would he, in serving out punishment, dock a sailor's pay.

When it became known in the chancelleries of Europe in what circumstances the sailors were singing the Froth-Blowers' anthem on the forecastles of the Atlantic Fleet (it is strange how quickly such news gets about!) various foreign Powers thought the moment opportune to remove their gold from British custody. Thus, such increase of national prosperity as has resulted from our going off the gold standard is in part due to a friendly song, sung in unison by a number of British bluejackets. The moral of the story is a complicated one. The Governors of the Bank of England would interpret it in one way, and you, Sir, perhaps in another.

EX-ABLE SEAMAN, Royal Navy

"EVERY DAY, IN EVERY WAY . . ."

SIR,—The methods by which the Nazis strive to distract the attention of their dupes from the increasingly serious situation which their regime has brought about are fairly evident. Notoriously they prefer to use minority groups as scapegoats. Tucked away in the issue of the *Völkischer Beobachter* of May 24th, however, is an indication that the shadow of the Concentration Camp is about to fall even more widely than the already wide definition of "carpers and critics" would imply.

The article is entitled "Inadmissible Reservations" and begins: "At almost every company meeting one may hear the stereotyped phrase 'the outlook for the future is uncertain.'" This, says the paper, is as silly as it is reprehensible, for anybody in business worth his salt should know more about the future than that. The sting, however, lies in the tail.

> This matter must not be overlooked. There can be no question that the expression of doubt as to the future, even in this non-committal fashion, is also a serious threat to general economic recovery. Whether one says nothing at all or talks about "the uncertain future" is the same. When nothing is said that is either good or encouraging then that also may be considered sabotage of the economic reconstruction. It is not necessary to stress that economic defeatism is encouraged by such methods.

The penalties in Germany for "defeatism" being what they are, we may expect in future to read the assurance of German company directors that, every day, in every way, German business gets better and better. HARRISON BROWN

A CHILDREN'S CLINIC

SIR,—Your comments on the garage caning case open up the whole question of the help which psychology can render to so-called criminals of this type and to young delinquents. It is, perhaps, impossible for magistrates, with the resources at present available to them, to deal satisfactorily with either type. If this be so, the only alternative is to provide help for the child which presents behaviour problems before they crystallise into perversions and skilled psychological guidance for children who, without which, will become delinquents.

It may be therefore of interest to those of your readers who live in North-West London to know that a Psychological Child Guidance Clinic will be opened before the autumn to serve the whole of the north-western area. Donations towards the cost of equipping and furnishing the Clinic and annual subscriptions of 5*s*. and upwards are urgently required and should be addressed to me at the temporary offices, 18 Belsize Crescent, N.W.3. I shall be glad to give fuller details. DOROTHY ARCHIBALD
Hon. Secretary

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

SIR,—I would respectfully draw the attention of your readers to the lamentable fact that our National Anthem, even in the *Saturday Review*, is not quoted in full. I have been at some pains to extract from *The Gentleman's Magazine* of October, 1745, a fourth verse, which it is our duty to include in the body of the poem. It runs:—

> Lord grant that Marshal Wade
> May by thy Mighty Aid
> Victory bring.
> May he sedition hush,
> And like a torrent rush,
> Rebellious Scots to crush,
> God save the King.

When the problems of Sedition and Scottish Home Rule are as "knotty" as they are to-day, their inclusion in the general statement of the Anthem is well-nigh essential. M. H. BARSLEY

Miscellany

MOSCOW VISITORS—1835 MODEL

IN these days of surging tourist traffic to the brave new world of the U.S.S.R. and its capital, one hardly imagines that our great-grandfathers paid any attention to Moscow as a holiday centre. Yet it appears that they did. The other day I discovered a little volume, on the eve of its centenary, entitled *Guide to Moscow*; its imprint was that of a long-forgotten firm in the Strand, and the year of publication 1835.

The title-page, in the manner of those expansive days, announced the contents of the work as "A Description of the Public Buildings, Historical Notices, Useful Statistics, and an Itinerary of the Road from St. Petersburgh, to which is added a Vocabulary of Useful Words and Phrases."

In a preface the ingenious, and anonymous, compiler refers to the "general sympathy" for the city of Moscow awakened throughout England by the events of 1812; and he notes that when "the discovery of navigation by steam" had "facilitated the intercourse between the two countries," Englishmen "hastened eagerly to gratify the curiosity that sympathy aroused." The Intourists of to-day should be intrigued by the following passage:

> A journey, which thirty years ago would have occupied six weeks, and would not have been undertaken except in cases of necessity, is now accomplished in twice as many days, and is considered, by ladies and gentlemen of the most delicate nerves, as merely an agreeable trip. A steam-boat to Hamburgh, and another from Lubeck, convey a traveller in eight or ten days to St. Petersburgh; and thence a diligence carries him along a road now good all the way, in three days more, to Moscow.

Churches, hospitals, schools and institutions of all kinds come in for lengthy description. The English traveller, descending from the diligence which has conveyed him from St. Petersburgh at a cost of 100 roubles, might meditate on the fact that the University of Moscow received a large part of its income "from the profits of its printing-offices, and the sale and advertisements of the *Moscow Gazette*." He would learn also that "in consequence of the manifestation of too strong a spirit of liberty among some of the scholars," the University Boarding School "since 1831, has been suppressed": and his passion for the curious might be tickled by the information that the Anatomical Cabinet of the University contained "100 human or animal monsters."

The *Moscow Gazette*, by the way, was the only newspaper in the city. It was a bi-weekly, with a circulation of about 9,500 copies and an annual income of 90,000 roubles. Not a single daily paper did Moscow have in those days—in contrast to the dozens now published there—though we learn that it possessed two fashion weeklies.

A large place among those advertisements which helped to swell the *Gazette's* revenue appears to have been occupied by the statutory announcements which those desirous of leave to go abroad had to insert thrice in its columns (price 3 roubles). This, incidentally, was one only of the formidable list of a score of separate formalities with which the Muscovite traveller abroad had to comply—and which our thoughtful Guide exhibits *in extenso*.

The English traveller must also have been interested in the news that the number of his countrymen resident in Moscow, "children included," was about 450. Among these Moscow Englishry were some professional people and skilled artisans, a whole tribe of tutors and governesses, and (rather curiously) "some farmers and grooms." Scotland and Wales were not unrepresented: for a Dr. Keir is mentioned as the head physician of Sheremetyev's Hospital (he "gives advice gratuitously to all poor persons who cannot attend the Hospital"); and a Mr. Thomas Evans was the librarian of the Surgical and Medical Academy—he had, we are not to forget, "scientifically arranged" the 5,000 volumes of that establishment's library.

It is a strange, far-off Moscow that our Guide conducts us round. There was "only one street of connected houses"; most of the houses were of wood, "far more dry and comfortable than those of brick." A natural corollary of the wooden walls of Moscow was the maintenance of a fire brigade that, for the time, seems to have been both large and up to date. We hear all about it, down to the lengths of leathern hose with which it was equipped.

Many sidelights are cast on the feudal fetters of Muscovite society and economy; we learn how the merchants were compelled to be members of three different classes or guilds, according to the amount of their capital; and according to their guild so were they proportionately restricted as to the

amount of business they could carry on. "The separation of the merchants into classes [observes our cicerone] is a great check to manufacturers, and a serious impediment to trade."

Yet industry could not be absolutely hamstrung. In an appendix dealing with the Environs of Moscow, we are told that the village of Petrovskoy Razumovskoy "was once famous for its garden, a turf theatre, a fine sheet of water, and houses for the accommodation of summer residents." But—"within these five or six years many of these houses have been converted into manufactories, and the garden and grounds have been much neglected."

Rather unexpectedly, our Guide presents us with whole pages of industrial statistics; and, as one would imagine, cotton textiles head the list of factory industries, with a total of over 300 establishments employing in all 11,500 operatives. Here are the figures, too, of a mass of small handicrafts; among them many that reveal their character as luxury and (if one may put it so) transparently Tsarist trades. Of such is the entry—"epaulettes, sword-knots, officers' sashes," or "hussar caps: making-up; peaks; feathers."

And I like much the distinguished trade (should it be profession?), employing but one master and one servant, set down as "taker-out of stains."

The Moscow visitor to-day who admires, from the Solianka or the river embankment, the superb white pile of the Palace of Labour, can read here of its past as the Foundling Hospital, where "children are received at all hours of the day or night, and no questions are asked."

He will also be surprised to see, in the list of thirty-eight "promenades" (which "appear to be of monastic institution"), that there is one scheduled for the First of May. More: of all these elegant fashion parades, our Guide avers, that of the First of May "is, to a lover of rural life the most agreeable." Held in a plain beyond the suburb of Sokolniki (Moscow's Hampstead), this appears to have been in the literal sense of the word a noble turn-out; "so much regard is still paid to appearances, that no person of the slightest pretensions to gentility, or nobility, as it is there called, would think of showing himself in anything but a carriage and four."

Somehow a carriage and four doesn't seem to fit in with May Day in Moscow as one knows it to-day. . . .

G. A. HUTT

"FIGARO" AND "ARABELLA"

PRIVATE individuals can still do a great deal for the arts, and the proof of it is in Mr. John Christie's enterprise at Glyndebourne, near Lewes, Sussex, where, attached to his private house, he has built a really beautiful little theatre to seat three hundred persons. This theatre is not only well designed, so that every seat is equally good for hearing and seeing, but it has a perfectly equipped modern stage and an orchestral pit capable of seating seventy performers.

A more beautiful situation than this, in the grounds of the old Manor House in a lovely valley among the South Downs, could hardly be imagined. But the theatre is not unworthy of its natural site, and the blend of good taste and common sense which characterises this venture is shown by the building of a large refreshment room which will seat as many persons as the theatre holds. This is in marked contrast to the usual practice of architects and managers who generally plan their foyers and refreshment rooms to hold about 5 per cent. of a possible audience.

All this—good theatre, adequate accommodation, beautiful site—could have been provided as a setting of the mediocre, the less than mediocre, or the downright bad. It is a tribute to the extraordinary qualities of Mr. Christie that in this theatre on its opening night, last Monday, he gave us the finest production of Mozart's *Figaro* that has ever, to my knowledge, been given in this country. From every point of view it excelled. In choosing Fritz Busch, lately chief conductor at the Dresden State Opera, as conductor and Carl Ebert from the Berlin State Opera as producer he made no mistake, and these two were mostly responsible for the high standard of the performance. The orchestra was splendid and under Fritz Busch Mozart's marvellous music was played with a clarity, a precision, and a verve that made it indescribably delightful. The theatre is extremely resonant, but this is a quality I like, provided it does not produce an echo or blur. At times it made the Figaro of Willi Domgraf-Fassbaender seem too loud; but otherwise his was a superb performance, very different from the insipid or farcical representations of this part we hear too often from inferior artists. The Susanna was Audrey Mildmay, who was charming in the part. The Countess of Anliki Rautawaara, a Finnish singer, was also a good performance; but I thought the best performance of the singers, apart from Figaro, was that of Louise Helletsgruber as Cherubino. The English singers, Roy Henderson (the Count), Norman Allin (Bartolo), and Heddle Nash (Basilio), held their own worthily with the others.

But it was one of those really good productions in which the qualities of the individual performers were merged in an all-round excellence. One could tell at once that great pains had been taken. The opera was sung in the original Italian version, and had obviously been thoroughly rehearsed. Everything went with an exactitude and a verve that are, alas, almost entirely foreign to most English operatic or theatrical productions. I am now looking forward to the production of *Cosi fan Tutte*, which will, more or less, alternate with *Figaro* during the fortnight's season of nightly performances. The one drawback to the festival is the high price of the seats, which are thirty shillings each; but I must admit that for thirty shillings one gets better value than one would for a hundred pounds spent in London theatres outside the best productions at Covent Garden.

Now, there is a moral to be drawn from this which affects the numbers of music lovers who cannot afford to pay so much. Glyndebourne is and must always remain a sort of private opera-house. Personally, I should hate to see the rare beauty of this country spoilt by an invasion of residents. If Mr. Christie suburbanises Glyndebourne, he will have done more damage than his opera-house can ever repair. But why does not our Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, which is heavily subsidised and large enough to provide drama and opera at moderate prices, succeed in coming somewhere near the standard of a private individual like Mr. Christie? The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon is fizzling out and sinking to the level of a second-rate provincial theatre. One hears no more of the great project of making it a rival to Salzburg, of giving opera and musical performances there as well as Shakespeare's plays. This year it has gone back to its old routine. It attracts, at present, nobody but school-teachers, educationists and optimistic (extremely optimistic!) Americans, Colonials and Dominioners who, in their respect for Shakespeare and their distaste for the modern rubbish which is given at the majority of theatres all over the world, pretend to enjoy Shakespeare. And Shakespeare is so good that they actually do get some enjoyment out of the mediocre performances they hear. I do not even blame the producers and the actors for this state of things. They seem to be working always under a handicap. Perhaps the chief handicap is that the Stratford Shakespeare Theatre is run by a committee.

Now, it seems to me, that the sooner Mr. John Christie is invited to take charge at Stratford-upon-Avon the better. He is neither an actor, a producer, nor a musician, but evidently (for I do not know him) a disinterested lover of the dramatic and musical arts who has some real judgment and taste of his own, which he is not afraid to act upon. Such a man in charge at Stratford-upon-Avon could certainly make it rival Salzburg as a centre for drama and music in the space of a few years. But will Mr. Christie ever be invited? Never! The Shakespeare Committee will sit tight on their money-bags and spend their halfpence cautiously on compromises that please nobody. Stratford-upon-Avon, far from becoming a festival centre on the level of Salzburg, will degenerate to the level of

any English touring provincial town, and nobody who knows anything about drama or music will ever go there.

So, in conclusion, I can only hope that Mr. Christie will continue his Glyndebourne opera and keep it on a small scale. If he is too ambitious, he will endanger his whole enterprise financially. But what opportunities his opera-house offers! Will he not, next season, give us Berlioz's wonderful masterpiece, *Béatrice et Bénédict*, then? It would be the ideal place for it and the opportunity of hearing this almost unknown work would draw musicians to Glyndebourne from every part of Europe.

A word about *Arabella*, the second of the season's novelties at Covent Garden. It is, on the whole, a weak imitation of the same composer's (and author's) *Rosenkavalier*. The first act is, however, charming, and, in musical texture, very beautiful; the second act is one of the most boring in the whole history of opera. This work is an example of how a man of talent's facility can destroy him. It is all too fluent, too easy and, therefore, too superficial and too slight to hold the listener's interest. I thought the best singing in it came from Margit Bokor.

W. J. TURNER

MR. ELIOT'S REVUE

Mr. Eliot's Pageant Play, which is being given for a fortnight at Sadler's Wells, inevitably recalls the work of Claudel. But I will express no opinion as to whether or not *The Rock* is better than *L'Annonce faite à Marie*, first, because I have no opinion on the subject; and, secondly, because my opinion would be of no importance if I had. But that it can be mentioned in the same breath as *L'Annonce* is obviously to bestow on it the highest praise.

The magnificent verse, the crashing Hebraic choruses which Mr. Eliot has written for *The Rock* had best be studied in the book (Faber and Faber, 2*s.* 6*d.*), and obviously cannot be fully appreciated after a single hearing, excellent in every way as is the elocution at Sadler's Wells. But it is clear that these choruses, the most prolonged effort the poet has given us since the *Waste Land*, are admirably suited for dramatic delivery, and, unlike most modern poetic drama, really written to be spoken as well as to be read. In fact all the way through, both in the prose and verse passages and in what the film writers would call the continuation, Mr. Eliot shows himself a greater master of theatrical technique than all our professional dramatists put together.

Mr. Eliot has apparently only written the words for a scenario provided by someone else; and we cannot therefore judge of all his potentialities as a dramatist, though we will all willingly pay tribute to the high level of the production, the beauty of the spoken word, the excellence of the incidental music, of the grouping and the costumes. If, during the second half of the performance, there is rather too much ballet and rather too little Eliot, we must remember that the object of the entertainment is after all to give a pageant of the Church of England; not merely to provide an occasion for Mr. Eliot's talents, which is perhaps a pity. But whatever criticisms may be made, *The Rock* is certainly one of the most interesting artistic experiments to be given in recent times; and though the performance lasts three hours and a half, and you come away half broken with exhaustion, you are conscious that the fatigue has been caused by concentrated interest, not by listlessness and boredom.

It is doubtful if Mr. Eliot's denunciation of the age, with its golf balls, its tennis courts, its empty churches and its crowded cup-tie finals, has ever reached a higher point than it does in *The Rock*. From the moment when the first chorus opens

> The Eagle soars in the summit of heaven,
> The Hunter with his dog pursues his circuit,
> O perpetual revolution of configured stars,
> O perpetual recurrence of determined seasons,

you are carried off on a sea of aesthetic emotion and indignation into a perpetual awareness of the struggle between right and wrong. It is only afterwards that one begins to wonder what the building of forty-five new churches in outer London can do towards remedying the ills of humanity on which Mr. Eliot lays such terrible stress. The only men worthy of entering the Church are, as Mr. Eliot says, implicitly, the workmen who built it. But they will not be found kneeling cheek by jowl with the daughters of suburbia intent on showing off their Sunday best before going on to play mixed tennis, a pastime of which I am certain Mr. Eliot profoundly disapproves. It is to the credit of this great poet that we do suspend belief and do not look into the nature of his remedy, which suffers from something even more profound than the ills of the age, that is, the nature of Institutions. But this is for the moment beside the point. More relevant is the wealth of talent displayed by all these—poet, musician, scene painters; dress designers who have collaborated in the making of this pageant; and we must all thank what Mr. T. S. Eliot calls *The Rock*, and Lord John Russell preferred to designate as the Establishment, for the high purpose and even for the "vain expense" with which they have produced such an extremely highbrow entertainment for such an end. As an ardent Church worker sitting just behind me remarked, "He must be a very clever man to have thought of all that."

FRANCIS BIRRELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Comédie Francaise in London

That famous French actor Albert-Lambert has brought a company from the Comédie Française to the Cambridge Theatre, London, for a fortnight's season which opened with Victor Hugo's celebrated play in five acts, *Ruy Blas*. This play, with *Ernani* (1830), was one of the first fruits of the French romantic movement in the theatre, which, influenced by Shakespeare, freed French dramatists from the rigid rules of time and place of the French classical theatre.

In spite of what seems to our ears excessive rhetoric it remains a remarkable melodrama which works up—too slowly for our habits to-day—into a superbly effective stage climax in the fifth Act, in which the valet, Ruy Blas, kills his master, Don Sallust. If one can survive the irritation caused by this event not having happened in the fourth, or even the third, Act one can enjoy this play considerably. It is certainly better than the majority of successful plays of our own era. For one thing it is much better written. Needless to say the diction of this company of French actors was a source of great pleasure. M. Albert-Lambert gave a very fine performance as Ruy Blas, M. Victor Monteuil's Don Sallust had the exact degree of pride and coldness and Mlle. Vera Korene looked beautiful and acted with a fine certainty of touch as the Queen. A vigorous performance full of colour and refinement at the same time was M. Raymond Girard's Don César. On Saturday next matinée and Saturday evening Molière's *Le Misanthrope* will be given and on Monday and Tuesday evening, *L'Insoumise*.

Dryden's "Aureng-Zebe"

Mr. Anmer Hall's courage in presenting a series of matinées of Dryden's *Aureng-Zebe or The Great Mogul* deserved a more heartening reception than the somewhat sparse, though enthusiastic, audience which gathered for the first performance at the Westminster Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. The experiment seemed risky, but it proved successful. Could any modern audience, one asked oneself, stomach an entire melodrama in rhyming couplets? And the answer was that it could and did; that the play went with an extraordinary swing from first to last; and that nothing about it disappointed, except perhaps the inadequacy of an economical twentieth-century production. *Aureng-Zebe* is a play that calls for pomp. It is a pity that it should have been staged in a more or less naturalistic and straightforward style—with costumes that at any rate do their best to resemble those of a Mogul painting—when surely the whole strength of the drama is its extreme and rhetorical artificiality, and the fact that it belongs to no continent or clime, save that of a baroque poetic imagination. Thus the décor was unfair to the rest of the play. All the actors have been trained to enunciate verse; while Mr. Torin Thatcher's

Old Emperor was really admirable. Almost equally good were Miss Holmes-Gore as his jealous consort and Mr. Hubert Langley as the magniloquent Aureng-Zebe.

Viceroy Sarah

A surprising amount of drama has been found by Mr. Norman Ginsbury in the gossip and tittle-tattling of the court of Queen Anne, and, theatrically speaking, there is little room to complain if his Sarah Churchill, in Miss Edith Evans's hands, wears a Siddons look. This performance of hers is presumably the *raison d'être* of the Arts Theatre Club performances, and excellent it is. But the performance of Miss Barbara Everest as the Queen will somehow linger longer in the memory. The Evans imperiousness, the Evans tantrums are there to enrich whatever vague impressions one may have retained from the history books of the Duchess of Marlborough, but to see that indefinite, strange half-pathetic, half-grotesque figure of a monarch given an odd humanity was a new experience. Miss Everest hovered perilously at moments on the edge of sanity, the woolliness of wit hiding a certain common sense which is the private consolation of the weak-willed. Yet the character remained consistent and believable, and even retained a certain queer dignity. This is a performance which deserves full theatrical currency. As I have suggested, Miss Evans offers no surprises—perhaps it is unfair to ask for them. Her Sarah dominates with a steadfast inevitability which would in other hands be crudeness, and the mechanisation of her downfall is an equally inevitable feature of the play. Or was Mrs. Masham really listening at the keyhole? Miss Dorice Fordred leaves little doubt, but her performance is the weakness of the play. Impossible that the intelligent Sarah could have underestimated so obvious a sly baggage! Mr. Frederick Leister endows Marlborough with a bluff soldierliness which may be acceptable to his latest historian, and Mr. Robert Speaight as Harley insinuates corrupt politics in every word he utters.

"The Roof"

Galsworthy's last play, *The Roof*, is running at the Embassy for a fortnight. It is played by a talented cast and so can be valued on its merits. It shows itself in spite of the favourable conditions as a crude and insensitive piece of work as a whole, with a few charming passages and a little good comedy. It is awkward in construction, with a number of concurrent episodes, all set in a hotel in Paris. Galsworthy may have planned it primarily to centre round a dying author (admirably played by Mr. Alan Napier) who discusses death and the life hereafter with his nurse. Here the play definitely comes to life for a few minutes. There is also a pleasant, though in the end rather cloying, portrait of a French waiter, played sympathetically by Mr. Alfred Sangster, author of *The Brontes*, who shows himself an accomplished actor.

The Chelsea Flower Show

It is difficult for the ordinary gardener who is used to doing as things do with him to write with moderation of the R.H.S. Spring Show at Chelsea, for here art and nature seem to have set out deliberately to incite each other to the production of an extravagance of colour and form more usually associated with works of the imagination. Time, too, has been gently but effectively telescoped and the Show can be truly called annual, in that for once in the year nearly all the seasons' plants are in flower or fruit at the same time. It is probable that this year's Show is better than any previous one. Certainly the outdoor exhibits—formal gardens, rockeries and flowering trees and shrubs—are noticeably superior, thanks not only to last summer, but to the favourable weather conditions now. The formal and rock gardens are of a very high order, the most spectacular of the latter being a large rockery with water, by Dartington Hall. The great variety of hardy flowering trees and shrubs will, we hope, cause the destruction of many a dingy bank of laurels and their replacement by some of these delights. Messrs. Sutton have staged the finest exhibition of vegetables they have ever shown, consisting of over a hundred varieties, and Messrs. Carters are awarded the most meritorious exhibit in the Show for a magnificent display of florists' flowers and sweet peas. Dobbie and Co. and Robert Bolton both show sweet peas of great merit, including some interesting seedlings. An exhibit of double begonias by Blackmore and Langdon surely exceeds anything previously shown. Following the present fashion, lilies are numerous and the nasturtium too is much in evidence, *Golden Gleam* having been quickly followed by *Scarlet Gleam* and *Gleam Hydrids*. Roses and orchids are shown in separate tents and are both large exhibits. The enormous crowds at Chelsea make one wonder how many people know of the fortnightly shows at Vincent Square, held throughout the year.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 1st—
Annual Exhibition of Students' Work. Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row.
"Midsummer Eve," Tavistock Little Theatre, Tavistock Place, 8.
"Le Misanthrope," Cambridge Theatre.

SATURDAY, June 2nd—
National Conference, organised by the Relief Committee for the Victims of German Fascism, Conway Hall, 2.30.
Moiseiwitsch, Schumann Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
Demonstration of Dancing and Physical Exercises, Hyde Park, 3.30 and 7.
Mr. Cyril Lacey on "War and Peace," The International Centre, Oaklands, Hildenborough, Kent, 7.

SUNDAY, June 3rd—
Joseph McCabe on "The Blood Price of Democracy," Conway Hall, 11.
Kreisler and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Landon Ronald, Albert Hall, 3.

MONDAY, June 4th—
"L'Insoumise," Cambridge Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 5th—
Mock Trial on "Treating Pedestrians as Inferior Road Metal." Prosecutor: Mr. St. John Ervine. Defendants: Earl Howe, Mr. E. S. Shrapnell-Smith and others, London School of Economics, 5.15.
"The Tempest," Regent's Park.
"Precipice," Savoy Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, June 6th—
Prof. Winifred Cullis on "Fatigue—and how to Avoid It," 25 Wimpole Street, 8.

THURSDAY, June 7th—
Flower Show, Iris Society, New Horticultural Hall.
Philip Guedalla on "Historical Fiction." Bumpus' Court House, 350 Oxford Street, 5.30.
"Living Dangerously," Strand Theatre.

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the summer months one may sometimes catch sight of a sturdy figure hurrying in the direction of Chancery Lane. You can recognise by the large green baize bag like a dirty linen bag, which he carries under his arm, that he is a graduate of Harvard, and a pair of shining brown eyes, behind thick lenses, will enable you to identify Dr. Leslie Hotson, the scholar-detective who has found in the unread records of our Record Office the story of how Marlowe was killed in a tavern-brawl, the letters Shelley wrote when he parted from Harriet, how Shakespeare wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in drawing Shallow revenged himself upon a Surrey Justice of the Peace. That green baize bag is always full of clues: I have reason to believe that there is more in it than has ever come out of it, but the real tragedy is that Dr. Hotson is only an occasional migrant visitor. America has poured out her hundreds of thousands of pounds to endow our universities through the Rockefeller foundation, and one sometimes feels that it is time that we English endowed one or two Americans—and English people with a love of scholarship and literature, could not find a better investment than to take a flat for Dr. Hotson as near as possible to Chancery Lane. And while they are about it, let them do the same for Dr. Mark Eccles, the latest contributor to the *Harvard Studies in English*, and a worthy comrade-in-arms of Dr. Hotson, who has given him a few clues out of the green baize bag and has furnished an introduction to *Christopher Marlowe in London* (Harvard University Press, published here by the Oxford University Press, 10*s.* 6*d.*). Like Leslie Hotson, Mark Eccles has some of the dash and bravura and the gusto of Alexandre Dumas *père*. These Harvard men with their green baize bags sally out like D'Artagnan and Porthos, or like Dumas himself when he sailed off in his yacht to join Garibaldi. Perhaps it is because they are so immersed in broils in which poets with "bloody blameful blade" (price 3*s.* 4*d.*) give their enemies mortal wounds "an inch in breadth and six inches deep" that they have become almost Elizabethans themselves.

* * *

As with Hotson's *The Death of Christopher Marlowe* (Nonesuch Press, 7*s.* 6*d.*) we are at once introduced into a scene of desperate violence. In the Chancery Miscellanea Bundle 68, file 12, number 362, is a writ and return into Chancery of a Gaol Delivery at Newgate, reciting the coroner's inquest. . . . Such references merely whet our appetite:

On the afternoon of September 28, 1589, between two and three o'clock, William Bradley and Christopherus Morley, of London, gentleman, were fighting together in Hog Lane. . . . Thomas Watson drew his sword and intervened and Bradley turned to meet his new enemy with the words: "Art thou now come? Then I will have a bout with thee." Watson was severely wounded and Bradley pursued him to a ditch which he could not cross, whereupon Watson dealt his enemy the mortal blow. Marlowe and Watson were thereupon committed to Newgate, there was an inquest upon the dead man and a trial, in which Watson successfully pleaded that he acted in self-defence and both he and Marlowe were pardoned.

With this to go on Mr. Eccles can investigate a great deal further. Bradley proves to be the son of the innkeeper of the Bishop, across the way from Staple Inn in Holborn. He had previously been wounded in a fray with a jerkin-maker's apprentice and just before his death (a discovery of Hotson's this) had begun proceedings to bind over Hugh Swift, John Allen and Thomas Watson to keep the peace towards him. Thomas Watson, the poet, author of *Meliboeus*, *A Passionate Century of Love*, of a translation of the *Antigone* into Latin, and of plays the very titles of which are lost, had married Anne, the sister of Hugh Swift, so that Marlowe's companion is identified—after his death Shakespeare was spoken of as "Watson's heyre." Every fresh piece of knowledge provides a fresh crop of subjects for research. Mr. Eccles thus is led to embark upon endless digressions, and, though some may appear strikingly irrelevant, none of them seem dull to me. It is partly that facts as facts have a fascination of their own, but chiefly the enormous gusto which the scholar-detective brings to his subject. "Though unentertaining to the general reader, no body of unique documents can ever be historically worthless." This is said of the sessions rolls at the Middlesex Guildhall, but it is the attitude of the scholar-detective to all records whatsoever. Like a hound following the scent of his quarry through a flock of sheep, Mr. Eccles digresses to trace jurymen, magistrates and judges, yet always comes back in the end to the line he is following. The more is found out, the more is likely to be found out, and no detail is too trivial. Though *Marlowe in London* is the title of the present volume, it is even more about the poet who came sword in hand to his assistance. One other discovery about Marlowe Mr. Eccles has indeed made, and once more it reveals him in a violent role, for he is bound over in a recognisance of twenty pounds to keep the peace against the two constables of Hollowell Street, the players' quarter of Shoreditch, close to which he was living himself.

* * *

Just after Watson's death his *Amintae Gaudia* was published with a dedication to the Countess of Pembroke and signed C. M. The suggestion that this was Marlowe has been contemptuously dismissed by Mr. Brooke in his *Life*, but it is pretty clear that the dedication is Marlowe's, for not only were Watson and Marlowe allied by their quarrel, but the two poets and playwrights were both friends and intimates of Thomas Walsingham. In all the Latin works which he published, Watson describes himself as "J. V. Studiosus," by which he meant *juris utriusque* and by "either law" he intends the canon and the civil law which he studied, after leaving Oxford, in Italy and in Paris. Mr. Eccles has also proved that he was a student at the English Catholic College at Douai. But his most interesting appearance, first noticed by Leslie Hotson, is in the fascinating case of Mistress Burnell. This poor woman had gone with her mother-in-law to visit the Witch of Norrall who told her "she was a Spaniard's birde and that she had markes aboute her wch would more appeare hereafter." Afterwards she came to Westminster and happened to meet a learned gentleman who told her that "if she knew herself she would be the proudest woman in the parish." Later he explained the witch's words by telling her that she was the daughter, not of an Eastcheap butcher, but of King Philip of Spain. The marks duly appeared, and when the moon was full, she could distinguish in a glass the arms of England, with the lion and dragon of the Tudors. She showed this to many people, including her husband, who fell a-laughing and said "she was branded on the backe as one of the Queen's greate horses was on the Buttocke." The Privy Council got wind of the story and Mistress Burnell was examined. She very wisely denied that she ever said Queen Mary was her mother, yet no doubt the authorities found it difficult to see why the arms of England, rather than those of Castile, should have spontaneously broken out upon King Philip's bastard. She was kept by Mr. Dalton, the magistrate, in his own house for observation. The poor woman, however, was firmly set in her delusion, and eventually the Privy Council thought it expedient to have her tied to a cart-tail and whipped through the city. It seems clear that she suffered from delusional insanity, and it is unfair of Mr. Eccles to take her word against that of "the learned gentleman" whom, she declared, first told her she was King Philip's daughter and who was none other than the poet Thomas Watson. And if Watson *had* said so there is no reason to conclude with Dr. Hotson in his introduction that he was "a professional wizard." Any of us might have said the same to the silly woman as a silly joke.

DAVID GARNETT

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FANFARONADE

Broken Record. By ROY CAMPBELL. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.

The autobiography, even more than the novel, fascinates those who cannot write; children left to themselves compose autobiographical essays; gangsters, hostesses, major-generals take naturally to a form of writing in which self-aggrandisement and self-deception are equally rewarded; and from the pages of memoirs and confessions, interleaved with photographs, the season's "authors" make their smug and fatuous bow to a public as innocent as themselves.

Anyone *can* write his autobiography, but it is the literary form to which a genuine writer will turn either as a first choice or a last resort. Poets, it will be noticed, very rarely write autobiographies; they would as soon think of peeling an orange and then eating the peel. Even the poet who is equally a man of action or a man of the world—Milton, Byron, and Rimbaud, for example—will hesitate before gathering this rind of events. For if the poetry does not eclipse the life, it is a confession of failure—the most humiliating confession a poet can make. Nevertheless, lives are written, letters collected, and occasionally a poet anticipates his editors by making some statement of his own. He may wish to reply to enemies or communicate with a circle of friends; it is more a gesture, an extended conversation, than anything else.

Mr. Roy Campbell, one of the very best of living poets, has made such a gesture in his *Broken Record*, which he describes as a book of "reminiscences." It is not a book which anyone will want to put on a level with his poetry, but it should be read. In the first place, a poet as good as Mr. Campbell writes well in any medium, and we find here, sketched rather faintly perhaps, those ideas and twists of the imagination which are characteristic of his poems. He tells us something about his life, his friends, and the scenery in which he has found himself; a number of things which have not been "cornered" by the poet, but yet belong to his poetic experience, are set down in these pages. I would mention some of the descriptions of African country, the contacts with other poets at Oxford, the knockabout incidents of his wanderings in France. The backbone of the book is imaginative experience—places, he says, rather than periods, come vividly before him as he writes.

Then again, Mr. Campbell is a romantic—the only full-dress romantic of our time, perhaps, who is also full blooded. Three-quarters of his life, he tells us, has been lived in the imagination, either in writing, that is, or in acting, poetry; and even the remaining quarter contains echoes. He is, above all, the poet of *prowess*. Somewhere in this book he speaks with contempt of the "people who shut up their houses when they go out." He hates the black beetles of civilisation: their business, their caution, their trains, their locks and keys, their passive and blatant progress. For him the world holds two civilisations: the one a bowler-hatted democracy, time-seeking and machine-minded, with its vanguard of Shavians and lag of shopkeepers—typified by the shabby, sentimental Chaplin-figure of the movies; the other a race of individuals and heroes—poets, equestrians, athletes. He belongs wholly to the second of these, his ideal is individual prowess, and the active part of his life has been spent in the physical pursuits which give strength to the imagery of his poems. He has been a hunter, a rider, a fisherman, a rugby player, an aviator, a boxer, a bull-fighter. Two of the most delightful passages in this book describe breaking in a horse and a struggle to the death with a Javan deer. "There can be only one law about hunting," he says. "Unless a part of the beauty one destroys passes into the spirit of the destroyer in adding to his skill, style and delicacy, it is mere waste of life." As athlete and hunter he goes beyond the "poetry of action" into the poetry of violence, expounding it in the terms of Mithraic sacrifice; and it is violence—a beautiful and accomplished violence—that strikes us first when we read his poems.

Besides creating poetry, the romantic—consciously or unconsciously—creates also a poet. It may be that this personal, and suprapersonal, figure peeps out of his work; or he may act the part in life. Mr. Campbell is true to tradition. The autobiographical figure of this *Broken Record* is not only Mr. Campbell, author of *The Flaming Terrapin*, *Tristan da Cunha*, and other poems, but a more generic modern romantic in whom one may find traces of Gauguin, Rimbaud, and other poets and artists who astonished humanity by their ferocity. They overawe by a natural magnetism, but there is a touch of the miraculous, too, about their very vigorous actions; *they become legendary before their time.* Gauguin's chopper was a veritable Thor's hammer. At times it would seem almost as though the artist had regained his full potency of medicine-man; and that not only by his incantations. There is, very definitely, the hint of magic. When Mr. Campbell writes of horses and bulls, not only he, but these animals are transfigured—lions are mentioned in the same paragraph as "clumsy vermin." A fabulous "luck" is referred to in several paragraphs; an immunity from disease, the power of quietening babies within a very few seconds; his first child is born on a night when "the wind blew the tiles off the roof and the rain and the wind rushed in headlong." I do not want to exaggerate this element in Mr. Campbell's exploits, but there it is; he accepts it quite calmly. His book, as a matter of fact, is essentially modest, and he finishes: "Here stops the record of an entirely useless and selfish career, spent mostly in the sun, in dreaming and in fanfaronading. As an artist my only use, if any, is to have added a few solar colours to contemporary verse. . . ."

Moreover, the typical Campbell landscape is cataclysmic: not humorously like De Quincey's encounter with the Severn bore, nor yet with the biblical flavour of Borrow's intimations from gypsies; but there is the Revelation of nature in delighted violence. The hunting, whaling and toreadoring pictures are of this kind. Let me quote the splendid description of the coming of the sardines:

> The coming of the sardines is preluded by interminable low flights of gannets in Indian file, moving southward—they continue so doing for a month or three weeks. Then one morning at dawn, if you are a fisher, your boy will rush in full of excitement. "Master, they come! Plenty sardines, etc., etc." Once when this happened, I went out on to the verandah in the crepuscular crimson dawn. I could not believe my eyes: not hundreds of thousands, but tons of millions of gannets trembled in the rosy light as far as one's eye could reach. An otherwise dead calm sea ripped and splashed with the percussion of their aerial shells. It was like a sleet of Norman arrows, a perpetual and bewildering rain of falling and ascending birds; gorged, they simply revomited their food and continued. It was like a marine locust swarm.
>
> The calm water zipped with great fins and tails, and occasionally a great ray or skate would fly out of the water. One of these was a giant of his kind, the eagle ray, pure white; he came out three times. He was half a mile out, so quite near enough to give a measure of himself to a range-finding eye; and must have measured twenty feet across. Two huge turtles were swimming about quite near us. Every wave threw out bucketsful, bushels, and bales of sardines; a great shark almost stranded itself, and I struck three porpoises with my gaff—and was nearly pulled in by the last. Sardines sparkled in trillions of smithereens of silver. Coolies had rushed from far inland, the news spreading as if by telegraph: they were shovelling up basket loads. The whole sea reeked with murder: the porps, the springers, the baracudas, the kingfish, the sharks, the salmon bass—it was one mad jaw-chopping frenzy. The sea was boiling underneath, and the sky was whirling.
>
> Imagine a snow-storm in which every flake is the size of a small turkey, the temperament of a bombshell, and velocity of an arrow. The splash as each one enters from the height of over a hundred feet, is very high. But if you can imagine such a snow-storm, imagine it snowing upwards at the same time as downwards, and it will give you some idea of what it was like. As I was on the sea level, I saw six or seven huge whales forging along, all flukes and fins, and leaping out of the water every now and then. Every time one leaped out, a mountainous cloud of spray slowly climbed up in the air, and a couple of seconds after the "boom" as of a cannon sounded through the perpetual rip-slash of the falling birds, and the fluttering tails and fins. This sight, of all earthquaking things I have ever seen, is the most terrific; no eclipse or hurricane could equal in splendour and terror this struggle to devour and escape.

It gives some idea of the shocks of Mr. Campbell's vision. In these "reminiscences" he moves about between Durban, Scotland, London, Oxford, Paris, Natal, Rhodesia, Marseilles, Bloomsbury, Bardsey Island, Cape Town, and Arles: each picture explodes and vanishes. The blaze of the African landscape, and afterwards of Provence, remains behind the dimmer scenes of the north. His visits to England light up a Dickensian fog; figures scuttle about in the shabby twilit street; the countryside, with its crows "flapping and roaring" in the wind, has a "terrible and sinister, a Poe-esque atmosphere."

Nevertheless, it was at Oxford (to which the above description applies) that he learnt most about poetry. His friends were A. E. Coppard, Wilfrid Childe, Edgell Rickword, Alan Porter and T. W. Earp. He says that Earp taught him most and introduced him to French poetry, "which had more influence on my work than anything else." I imagine that the two poets who affected him most were Rimbaud and Baudelaire. The kinship with

Rimbaud is fairly obvious; but his later poems owe even more to Baudelaire. There is a rigidity of metre, an extension of the sentence to include not only lines but several verses, a use of the short-line sonnet, which come from no other source. It is curious that reviewers of Mr. Campbell have never seen more than echoes of the Keatsian and Miltonic phrase. *Flowering Reeds*, his last volume, contains translations of Rimbaud and Baudelaire (*L'Albatros*) and the last piece in the book, "Overtime," one of his best and most characteristic poems, shows the extent of Mr. Campbell's debt to Baudelaire. Here is the beginning of "Le Squelette Laboureur":

Dans les planches d'anatomie
Qui traînent sur ces quais poudreux
Où maint livre cadavéreux
Dort comme une antique momie,

Dessins auxquels la gravité
Et le savoir d'un vieil artiste,
Bien que le sujet en soit triste,
Ont communiqué la Beauté,

On voit, ce qui rend plus complètes
Ces mystérieuses horreurs,
Bêchant comme des laboureurs,
Des Écorchés et des Squelettes. . . .

And the beginning of Mr. Campbell's "Overtime":

Amongst the ponderous tomes of learning,
Dull texts of medicine and law,
With idle thumb the pages turning
In sudden carnival, I saw,
Revelling forth into the day
In scarlet liveries, nine or ten
Survivors of their own decay—
The flayed anatomies of men:
And marked how well the scalpel's care
Was aided by the painter's tones
To liven with a jaunty air
Their crazy trellises of bones. . . .

This is a pretty close resemblance, and yet, read in its entirety, "Overtime" has its own quality, hardly inferior to Baudelaire's and distinct enough to justify the borrowing. Mr. Campbell has very little to say about his own poetry, or indeed poetry at all, in *Broken Record*. He mentions an indebtedness to Kendal and other Colonial poets, and an early attempt (at Oxford) to write in imitation of Mr. T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Campbell, then, throws this bundle of "reminiscences" at the head of the reader. Among much that is ferocious and *farouche* there will be found passages of superb vigour and beauty which one would not find in many better books. The title, by the way, *Broken Record*, does not mean that Mr. Campbell has set himself up as a record-breaker, but that these memories—if they can be called that—are the outward fragments of a poet's life.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS

The Tales of Jacob. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Captain Hates the Sea. By WALLACE SMITH. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Weep for Lycidas. By MICHAEL HARRISON. *Barker.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Children Triumphant. By PHYLLIS PAUL. *Secker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Tales of Jacob, the first volume of a trilogy to be called *Joseph and His Brethren*, is a book of major importance groaning under the elaboration of its import. It is not the gift of the German mind to simplify and clarify, but to make encyclopædic, to gather and define deeper and deeper phalanxes of shadow around every object. Each fact is made to generate a corresponding quantity of metaphysical fantasy or philosophical speculation; and what we call the ponderousness in the German mind is really the gift the German has (and we have not) for loading down the unnamable with names. We "greet the Unseen with a cheer," albeit with some embarrassment; they, like so many druggists, give it a long name and add it to the pharmacopœia.

Thomas Mann's part-preoccupation with the distorted is on all fours with this love of speculative fantasy; it is the reverse side of the medal, and both seem to me to derive from that sense of the actuality of the primitive past which is the theme of this work and which—as Herr Mann's concern with Jewish primitive

A Dip into Journalism

Nobody who is in a position to make a mental comparison between the newspapers and periodicals of to-day and those of a generation back can fail to be impressed by the large and important part which is played in the modern Press by *non*-professional writers—i.e., contributors who, from various motives, write in their leisure hours articles and stories for publication.

Not all of them write, in the first instance, with the idea of earning additional income. That they do so may be incidental (although probably welcome). But their original motive is the desire to communicate ideas, knowledge, experiences and narrative which will interest readers in general.

Undeniably this is of benefit to the Press, for some of the most interesting contributions are from the pens of those who thus employ leisure hours.

For that reason, editors encourage the non-professional contributor and usually pay very good prices for accepted work; with the result that many men and women regularly make useful additions to their regular incomes, although they may not have written with that object in the first instance.

The Press is not now the *mare clausum* of a generation ago when only professional journalists and authors were recognized. It is, to-day, freely open to the occasional contributor, and the pages of many journals are filled chiefly by those who "dip into journalism" only when the mood seizes them.

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As "lessons" may perhaps suggest something formal and stereotyped, it should be explained that that kind of "teaching" is entirely foreign to the methods which have made The London School of Journalism so successful in itself and in its students. The instruction really amounts to private and individual coaching. Each student is taught exactly what he, or she, requires to know in order to produce saleable articles or stories—a careful watch being kept by the instructors (who are, in every case, experienced and successful writers themselves) for those individual characteristics or tendencies of style which are such a valuable asset to any contributor. These characteristics are encouraged and developed, so that instead of a mere "hack" a writer of real personality is evolved.

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past shows—is no monopoly of the Nazis. The romantic German is myth-haunted; he sees himself walking in the present along a narrow path with a cataclysmic past on one side and an ebullient, thundery, metaphysical future on the other. Now all this is so alien to the English mind that after the first awed moments we become pretty soon bored by it; and if Herr Mann is admired in England it is because he has deflated abstract speculation with sceptical inquiry and has interpenetrated this with a brilliantly timed and managed descriptive realism.

"A lofty encounter of nature and spirit as they mutually yearn towards each other, that is man," he wrote—I quote from Mr. T. Lowe Porter's rendering of his Aphorisms—and this also is the theme of *The Tales of Jacob;* but it is effective only because it is transcribed into terms of human character richly delineated. "God is in the distinction," he writes; he is among the few living novelists who are capable of this differentiation in delineation of character on an impressive scale. His detail is decisive. With every word the character rises one step nearer to the reader out of the shadows. In some ways the trilogy promises to be a restatement of *Buddenbrooks* in primitive terms; there is the same story of the tribe; in Jacob, there is the analogous merchant—there is an occasional amusing suggestion of the German bourgeois in Mann's Jacob—and in Joseph, murmuring to the moon at the Well of Hebron, instructed by the wise men, be-ringed, his nails dyed in henna, we have the artist subtly bemusing his father with stories and protecting his dreams from Jacob's disapprobation. For Joseph we must wait until the next volume; the present one digresses into the main episodes of Jacob's life, opening with an evocation of the bizarre religious traditions the tribe had picked up in its wanderings, and which had been subdued into its monotheism. Jacob is not made contemporary; but ourselves are shown primitive, layer after layer of civilisation is removed until we become timeless and see the intellectual roots of our spiritual drama in the terms of Jacob's groping towards God. It may be objected that they cease to be ours; but it must be remembered that the German back-door opens straight on to the moonlight night of mythology and folk-lore. The main test, anyway, is the stimulus the reinterpretation has given to the artist's intuition and imagination; and from this test Herr Mann emerges triumphant.

His people have a vital force commensurate with the burden of argument they have to bear. In Jacob, nature is passionate, blind, fearful, cunning, majestic even in the shifts to which it resorts in self-preservation; the spirit is obstinate and groping. Jacob tricks Esau, but he is greater than him. The flight, the brutal tale of Dinah, sacrificed by her brothers to the tribal taboos and the greeds they conceal, are magnificently imagined. The test of greatness is not only in the power of the original conception but in the use of detail; and Herr Mann has in these pages the full presence of the nomad encampments, their dust, stench, evils, brutalities and luxuriant rejoicings. In the tale of Leah and Rachel, where agony, sensual passion and cunning are mingled, one is struck by such touches as the description of the rugs flapping on the walls of the bridal chamber in the night. Again, in the episode of Jacob's dream of the jackal, there is the novelist's excellence in the morbid and haunted.

Herr Mann's dramas have always been dramas of atmosphere. More than any European writer he excels by reason of the restraint that the intellect puts upon direct narrative in tightening and refining upon spiritual and emotional tensions. His ecstatic, erotic scenes spurt forth with a passionate relief as a consequence of these tensions. There is a luxuriousness and sensuality in his fear of death which are not only appropriate to the exotic theme but which refresh a mind often arid with excessive introspection and argument. The book is indeed frequently difficult to read; his prolix prose style has evidently often defeated the translator, so that evocative parentheses have become like straying camels out of Jacob's over-laden caravans, struggling across the page.

One feels obliged, after the pretensions and achievements of Herr Mann, to apologise for the descent to the other novelists on this list. On the principle of opposing dignity with impudence, *The Captain Hates the Sea* will best survive the shock. It is an exceedingly funny American book about a crooked and alcoholic cruise from New York to Honolulu, and consists mainly of dialogue. Mark Twain, O. Henry and Hemingway have had their share in it; it is cynical, dry and has that half-stunned air which is the attraction of *sans commentaire* humour. It succeeds certainly not by the wit of its talkers—the witty married couples who have come away together to exchange husbands and wives are less successful because they *are* witty—but by the beautiful inadequacy of the speech of the more preposterous characters. American humour is the humour of fraud and monotony: the world is not a comic place, but a spurious place. Only the "gentle grafter" could have written "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." Or, after a suicide:

> "Somehow, those chaps," said Holman, "seem to be getting a lot of fun out of this voyage." . . .
>
> "Of course, that girl jumping overboard . . ." He left the sentence unfinished and tried another: "Makes a man think, doesn't it?"

One laughs. Hearing the eternal clink of ice in the cocktail-shaker one tries to estimate how many thousand gallons of alcohol are consumed on the voyage. Then one is bored, but one picks up the damnable, slick, monotonous and gorgeous book again.

Mr. Wallace Smith is laconic and imperturbable. He knows exactly what to do with his people. The odd thing is that, worthless as the whole boat-load is, they are all preferable—being genuinely comic—to the wretched, well-meaning and vulgar half-people of *Weep for Lycidas*. With strange candour the publishers compare the author to Michael Arlen. And for once a blurb is accurate. Nigel Caryngton is a pseudo-sophisticated young snob whose early insufferableness in his Kentish home is made bearable by an engaging naiveté; but the habit of making epigrams and being taken seriously by his author—Nigel Caryngton had *faith!*—soon turns him into a bore. To draw priggish, vain and insufferable youth sympathetically is a task for a master. Thackeray's Arthur Pendennis, for example, is endurable because one is distracted from him by the other characters. The psychological studies of Mr. Harrison's level have no other characters and are swamped by their unspeakable Nigel's; add to this a tone which might give a youth a reputation for being a bit of a dog, in the Sixth Form, and the *débâcle* is complete.

It is refreshing to turn to Miss Phyllis Paul, who is fastidious, nervous, sensitive and strange. Owing to a narrative method which "muffs" all climaxes and leaves important points in the place, time and people of the story to be guessed, I have only a vague idea of it. Roughly, it may be called the story of a girl who, obliged to bring up a lot of small brothers and sisters at the death of her mother, and to give up her chances of education, is dominated by a morbid resentment. The book may be compared to a rag-bag filled with fascinating odds and ends of materials sewn together inconsequently. The women, though as fragmentarily shown as anything else, are good; and the descriptions of a dull country life are done with an exquisite originality. It is uncommon to read descriptions of the real country instead of lyrical descriptions of the conventional poetical country; and it is also uncommon to find a novelist who, intent on raising our sympathy for a neurotic character, does not foist upon the character too much of the novelist's own superior capacity for expression. The Edith of this book remains a surly, silent creature, and this is good. It is a pity that Miss Paul is still more concerned with bits of stitching and embroidery than with the whole, and that her originality at the moment is of the kind that dissolves instead of integrating people and story.

V. S. PRITCHETT

YOUNG OXFORD AND WAR

Young Oxford and War. By MICHAEL FOOT, R. G. FREEMAN, FRANK HARDIE, KEITH STEEL-MAITLAND. With a Preface by PROFESSOR HAROLD LASKI. *Selwyn and Blount.* 6*s.*

If it is encouraging to find four young leaders of student thought so positive in the cause of peace as the writers of this book, it is almost as depressing to find them quarrelling among themselves about the best means of ensuring it. A footnote occurs in the course of Mr. Freeman's contribution which, without wishing to be too tragic about it, seems to me the saddest thing in the volume. Mr. Freeman is describing the course of events at Oxford University following the trouble with the authorities over the Anti-War Committee and the setting up of the Free Speech Committee, on which, according to Mr. Freeman's version, not only Communists and the Labour Club but Mr. Foot and Mr. Steel-Maitland—Liberal and Conservative contributors respectively to this symposium—were represented. He narrates the course of the negotiations with the Proctors and how eventually the various interests fell out, and then there occurs this editorial footnote: "Mr. Steel-Maitland states that he was not a member of the committee and both he and Mr. Foot regard Mr. Freeman's observations as being inaccurate and misleading."

The point is of some importance because it appears to confirm

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other evidences of disagreement both on principle and on procedure which must, if they exist and persist, prove disastrous to the success of the movement. Two out of four of these contributions are informed, in the midst of much good matter, with an utterly unworthy spirit of partisanship. One is guilty of cheap party gibes at the expense of rival parties. While young pacifists cannot agree on a joint line of action, cannot forget distinctions which are obsolete even among their elders, there can be precious little hope in this country for a movement which, if it is to succeed at all against tremendous odds, can only do so by means of the most single-hearted and determined co-operation.

Having said so much, one can turn to the contributions themselves and find there plenty that is inspiriting. No Die-hard who takes the trouble to read through them need imagine any more that Young Oxford did not mean what it said when it registered and confirmed its vote against fighting for King and Country. Of the four, Mr. Hardie has his feet most firmly planted in realities, Mr. Foot perhaps least, though the latter offers a remarkably sincere and able statement of the idealist case, argued with great conviction and a fine faith.

All but Mr. Freeman would agree, when the policies they advocate were reduced to their lowest common multiple, that the main hope of salvation lay in the strengthening of the collective system. Mr. Freeman himself could not accede, because to him the most important fact is the Class War, and the only road to peace is *via* an anti-capitalist revolution. This, of course, is the familiar Communist faith, but as restated here it re-emphasises the apparent negation of true pacifism contained in it. The most disconcerting thing about Communists is their terrifying certainty. Being so sure, the end unquestioningly justifies the means. Other students of history, aware of the imperfections of human systems, may hesitate before agreeing that the Marxian war to end war would prove more efficacious than its capitalist forerunners.

To the Communist who holds extremely that capitalism is always and inevitably the over-riding cause of war, one might do worse than proffer the observations of the bourgeois Mr. Aldous Huxley in *Beyond the Mexique Bay*.

> The truth is that our so-called wars of interest are really wars of passion, like those of Central America. The Opium War between England and China was one of the very few whose causes were purely and unadulteratedly economic. "All for Hate" is the title of every great international tragedy of modern times, "Or the World Well Lost."
>
> "*Les intérêts*," writes the French philosopher Alain, "*transigent toujours, les passions ne transigent jamais.*" Interests are always ready to compound, passions never. You can always discuss figures, haggle over prices, ask a hundred and accept eighty-five. But you cannot discuss hatred, nor haggle over contradictory vanities and prejudices, nor ask for blood and accept a soft answer. Neither can you argue away the immediately experienced fact that boasting is delightful, that it is bliss to feel yourself superior to the other fellow, that "righteous indignation" is wildly intoxicating, and that the thrill of being one of a mob that hates another mob can be as pleasurably exciting as a prolonged orgasm. The exploited who succumb to the nationalist propaganda of the exploiters are having the time of their lives.

That is at least as true as the Marxian analysis, and is peculiarly apposite in a world given over to mob oratory and the rattle of the dictator's sword. Between the upper and the nether millstones of Fascism and the Class War to end war, what hope, we may well ask, has the pacifist-democrat? Especially as he finds himself up against the primary tragedy of being unable to fight for his principles without betraying them.

If we are to eradicate the emotion on which war feeds, we must supersede the boundaries of national sovereignty wherein breed the envies, hatreds and malice commonly reverenced as patriotism and love of country. "It may be necessary," writes Mr. Steel-Maitland, "for Britain to embark upon a fresh war, but one thing is certain: that upon the merits of the case our contemporaries will not have their minds made up for them." Won't they, indeed? I wish with all my heart I could believe it were true. The forces of persuasion at the command of modern governments are overwhelming in their potency. What percentage of voters for National Government in the panic election of 1931 suspected that they were having their minds made up for them?

The most practical of these four contributions in terms of concrete proposals is, as I have indicated, Mr. Hardie's, who bases his programme on the manifesto signed by himself and others, and printed in this paper at the end of last year (December 23rd, 1933). In outline it consists in reaffirmation of allegiance to the collective system, definition of the aggressor, sanctions, internationalisation of civil aviation, progressive disarmament, abolition of private manufacture of arms, and the embodying by every nation of its international obligations in its national law. Neither a revolutionary nor a visionary programme. And yet I cannot see even these four intelligent young men agreeing on it.

GERALD BARRY

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SLUMS

The Slum: Its Story and Solution. By MAJOR HARRY BARNES, F.R.I.B.A. *The Mill Press. Second Edition.* 3*s.*

Housing and Slum Clearance in London. By HUGH QUIGLEY and ISMAY GOLDIE. *Methuen.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Major Barnes's work was first published in 1931, and cost 18*s.* It was worth while for any student of housing to pay this price for it, but at 18*s.* it was a book for specialists: at 3*s.* it deserves to reach a wide public. Major Barnes's "solution" is interesting, but not striking; his "story," on the other hand, is absorbing, taking us back to the thirteenth century and then on by significant stages to the nineteenth. One of these was marked by Elizabeth's well-meant effort to secure four acres of land to each house, which led to an Act prohibiting the building of cottages and the overcrowding of houses. The story of the slums is told in detail from 1838 to 1930. It is a story of vested interests on the one hand, and of famous reformers on the other. Edwin Chadwick, Dr. Southwood Smith, Shaftesbury, Octavia Hill, Torrens, Sir Richard Cross and Mr. Arthur Greenwood are its heroes.

Major Barnes is a little florid and sentimental at times, but he is always shrewd, entertaining and alive. His love of ironic situations helps him; his high spirits are not out of place in a book so concerned with human wretchedness, because he is carried along by his feeling of triumphal progress. "Festina lente," he several times points out; some reforms demanded in 1851 are still needed; but anyone who feels particularly depressed by the slums of 1934 should read Major Barnes's book and share his experience. Intolerable filth and squalor, muddy lanes full of putrefying refuse and cesspits, the inhabitants begging for water, overcrowding so intense that several families shared a room and sublet sleeping space beneath their beds—such is the story of the slums of this

country a hundred years ago. Major Barnes tells his readers what has been achieved, and what has still to be achieved. His aim is "one dwelling, one family; every family, a dwelling."

His solution is in two particulars a little disappointing. Although he tackles many problems—transport, zoning, town-planning, compensation to landowners, displacement of tenants, he does not say much about the slums which continue to be created; he is at the moment more concerned with draining the pond than with drying up the springs. Then there is the question of rents. Major Barnes sees as clearly as anyone that the crux of the whole question is poverty. He is quick to point out how most of the Victorian reformers evaded this conclusion. He does not evade it himself; he suggests a tax on site values, the proceeds to be devoted to reducing rents for the poorest people. But he says very little as to how his system is to operate.

Housing and Slum Clearance in London is on a smaller scale than Major Barnes's book: its subject matter is much the same, but the study is confined to London, and the historical survey begins in 1884 and ends in 1933. Mr. Quigley has contributed the opening and closing chapters. Miss Goldie, who is responsible for the rest of the book, writes with admirable fairness and detachment. She has compiled an excellent survey and summary, and her comment is very much to the point. Her aim, like Major Barnes's, is one family, one dwelling—at a rent within the means of the tenant; and like him she reveals how successive Royal Commissions, Governments and reformers have perceived the connection between poverty and slums, and have evaded this issue. Mr. Quigley attempts a solution. He makes some sound comments on the waste of the present system, and suggests such improvements as the setting up of a Ministry of Housing with an executive National Building Board. He also says: "Housing (*i.e., all* housing) should be one of the services administered as a monopoly by the local authority," who could make a profit on some houses and face the loss on the houses of the poorest members of the community. Housing should, emphatically, be "taken out of the realm of politics." What does Mr. Quigley mean by all this? How can housing be socialised without land? In his opinion, landowners, their agents, and speculative builders, are enemies of the community. But these are together a large section of voters, supporting a political party, and only by the triumph of their opponents can they be deprived of power. If Mr. Quigley's revolutionary proposal means anything, it is no use for him to say peevishly—or magnificently, if you prefer—that housing should be out of the realm of politics. The book ends with sixteen admirable statistical tables, dealing with vital statistics—unemployment, overcrowding, food budgets, building schemes and costs.

IRENE T. BARCLAY

A VANISHED WORLD

Happy Retrospect: the Reminiscences of Count Wilczek. *Bell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Count Wilczek's book was dictated to a daughter for family consumption, and was not intended for publication. It is this, perhaps, that makes him seem a little larger than life, this and his profound, engaging naiveté. One of the reasons why the grandees of Europe have been, and are still, regarded with reverence by their dependants is that they regard one another with reverence: the reverence begins at home. "At the beginning of the 1860's I founded the Vienna Rowing Club, generally known as the 'Aristocratic Club' . . . Of course the English were too proud to come over, and the French too lazy. King George V of Hanover . . . did us the honour of taking lunch . . ." A regatta was held, in 1867, on the Traunsee, and they "of course" won the race, in the "famous boat, the *Victorine*, presented to us by the Princess Lori Schwarzenberg." Calling for the Princess afterwards at the "beautifully decorated tribune" they rowed her to her carriage. "I must not omit to mention a very flattering remark that the Princess made to me during this journey. I was on the bench next to hers and as usual had removed my light rowing-shoes. After looking at my bare feet with an interested expression, she said: 'Now I can understand why you are such a splendid oarsman. I have never seen such imposing big toes as yours; they are really as big as a boat's oars.' I thanked her feelingly and said gallantly: 'My oars and my toes will always be at your service.'" This mutual admiration is perfectly sincere, but it is more, one feels, than merely the mutual admiration of man and woman. It is mutual reverence, too.

Count Wilczek telescopes time for one to the most startling degree. Restive at his extreme royalism, his preoccupation with birth, his theoretical anti-socialism, one suddenly remembers that he received his convictions from his mother, and that his mother received hers from nuns who had witnessed the execution of Marie-Antoinette. His anti-socialism, on the other hand, was of a kind which did not prevent him from playing the fife all night, on the occasion of a wedding, for the woodmen and salt-miners of Aussee. He would seem, in fact, full of contradictions to the contemporary mind. Founder, for instance, of the Volunteer First Aid Society of Vienna, he never ceased, at the same time, to massacre whole droves of game, and the accounts of the "Imperial drives" which he used to enjoy with the Crown Prince Rudolf make grisly reading.

Born in 1837, he visited Italy and France before he was twenty. At twenty-one he married, and six years later made an ethnographical expedition to the Crimea. He was already Court Chamberlain. In 1866 he joined, as a private, in the war against Prussia, and the pages here are among the most characteristic. Between battles, the author was accustomed to run the gauntlet at a terrific speed, to neighbouring castles full of excited friends, eat a dozen beefsteaks, drink bottles of champagne, and then run back again. There is an excellent photograph of him at this period, in his Jäger's uniform, and one can easily visualise that Chopinesque face, with its black, feathery mustachios and beard, a bottle in one hand, the spyglass in the other, surveying the return journey from the topmost turret, while round him, like great, bobbing flowers, agitate Pálffy and Apponyi crinolines. In 1867 he climbed up the face of a waterfall 150 feet in height, a feat of considerable peril even if done alone. When it is recollected that he was Chamberlain to the severest court in Europe, the trouble that he found himself in can be imagined when it was discovered that, so far from being alone, he had hauled the Empress Eugénie up behind him. She, however, had provoked him to it, by declaring "But you must know that I am quite an expert climber and I often amuse myself in taking elderly diplomats up and down the rocks of Fontainebleau." The following year he went to Africa, and five years later he organised the first Austrian expedition to the North Pole. The last fifty years of his life were devoted to

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his court duties, to various philanthropical pursuits—during the Great War he was commandant of a hospital train on the Eastern front—and to the rebuilding and decoration of his castle of Kreuzenstein. One of his war stories is well worth repeating: "Windischgrätz had previously been in the firing-line with a battery which had been heavily attacked by the Russians, whose guns were far superior to ours and very well manned. He was still quite furious over what he had seen through his field-glasses. There were elegantly dressed ladies in the Russian batteries, and he could see how they exulted when any Russian shot went home, and how they scorned us when one of our shots fell short, and waved their sunshades threateningly in our direction."

Kreuzenstein he made the centre of a guild of workers containing many journeymen-artists from Italy and Germany, and it is here that this feeling of a vanished world which pervades the whole book is at its most marked. "I summoned the old sculptor Johann Grissemann from Imst in Tirol to come to Seebarn, where he completed the work in two years, to my intense satisfaction. I also called in the artist Müller from Munich."

It was at Kreuzenstein that he, the friend of Liszt, Makart, Dumas, Bode and Strauss, received the Kaiser, who said at a dinner given in his honour: "As a young man I had the great pleasure of making your acquaintance, and indeed under the happiest auspices, for I was in the company of my beloved grandmother, who loved to tell me of your excellent qualities. You stood for me in my young days as the finest type of the strenuous man of action. We have already exchanged our views on art and history in conversation, and we have always been in complete accord. We want to show the present generation how our warlike forefathers in the olden days displayed their loyalty and their virtue and their chivalrous reverence for women. However hotly our views may be contested, they have nevertheless fulfilled their task. They have brought an illusion to life, and that surely is something. In Kreuzenstein you have brought a great work of culture to its completion." It was what they all thought of Wilczek, what they all hoped was true of themselves.

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PERSIA AND MONGOLIA

The Valleys of the Assassins and Other Persian Travels. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tents in Mongolia. By HENNING HASLUND. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

Miss Freya Stark is a romantic traveller. Her explorations are sufficiently adventurous to command the respect of learned societies; but she writes of them in so vivid, cultivated and entertaining a prose style that—at any rate from the casual reader's point of view—her itinerary seems relatively unimportant. I doubt if I could draw a sketch map of her travels; reading her book has been an experience all the more stimulating because it deals with countries I have never visited—which, indeed, I have no particular wish to visit—but which, described by her, are present at every stage. The hills of Luristan and *The Valleys of the Assassins* are now as distinct as if they were a part of my own memory.

Not that Miss Stark is at all effusive. Even more remarkable than the extreme vividness of her style is the clarity and verbal economy with which she achieves her most concentrated effects. It is possible that a professional writer might, here and there, have proceeded by somewhat different methods; but then, the great charm of Miss Stark's narrative is a certain unliterary freshness and tartness of diction that seldom fails her, a faculty of finding the right word, whether it is to be applied to a landscape or to a human being, and a knack of transcribing colloquial dialogue. Her portraits of guides and tribesmen are acute and amusing. Incidentally, though *The Valleys of the Assassins* is one of the least egotistical travel-books that has ever come my way, Miss Stark draws a self-portrait which is additionally engaging because we feel that it is largely unconscious. One detail, however, she does omit; it is, I hope, not impertinent to add that, whereas the extent and hardihood of her explorations might suggest a hard-bitten, stern-browed, eagle-nosed personage of the type of Lady Hester Stanhope, Miss Stark is small and retiring and feminine. Yet it was among the Lurs, who follow robbery as one of the arts, that she has twice ventured alone and unprotected.

Her first expedition lasted a fortnight. Entering North-West Luristan by the Varazan Pass, with an irresolute and pusillanimous Hajji, she changed her original guide for an undependable and shifty-looking person named Mahmud, with whom she travelled to the fort of Alishtar, where much against her will she accepted an escort of Government troops. This encumbrance, it need hardly be said, she soon eluded. Her next guide was that charming and good-humoured cavalier, Keram Khan, who, with several blood-feuds to his credit, made a suitable guide in the "thoroughly risky" country of the Ittivends, among whom Miss Stark passed what she herself admits was an anxious and uncomfortable night. From Keram Khan she parted above Harsin. Miss Stark's second visit to Luristan was made from Bagdad. It was the longer and the more hazardous since, besides her interest in pre-Islamic graves, she was attracted by news of a hoard of golden objects, reported—rather vaguely—to lie concealed in a remote mountain cavern. The treasure Miss Stark did not unearth; but it afforded a pretext for an exciting and difficult journey. Few Europeans have traversed those regions; no previous woman explorer had thought of venturing there.

Part Two takes us to Mazanderan. This section of Persia includes both the mountain valleys in which the Assassins had their chief strongholds and the rank malarial jungle country that borders the Caspian Sea. Of the castles she set out to visit little now remains; but Miss Stark was able to add some important details to blank spaces in the map, to survey the neighbourhood of Takht-i-Suleiman, otherwise The Throne of Solomon, which she was only prevented from climbing by the malicious intervention of an Hungarian engineer in the Shah's service, and almost died of fever and dysentery at a lonely village. Her account of the Alamut Valley is particularly delightful. One of the most agreeable features of Miss Stark's book is her sensitiveness to natural beauty; and, describing Alamut, her skill appears in every line. Happily, she is no weaver of purple passages; but the glimpse of Alamut provides a high-light in her story.

Within the compass of a brief review it is hard to do justice to the variety and dramatic interest of Miss Stark's narrative. *Tents in Mongolia* suffers by comparison. The material is excellent; but Mr. Haslund writes in a hearty and boisterous manner that becomes, now and then, a trifle wearisome. Yet

Bernard Shaw

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here, too, is an exceptionally interesting travel-book. As a member of the Scandinavian expedition that attempted to set up a farm and trading station in the wastes of Inner Mongolia, Mr. Haslund had the opportunity of travelling widely, from Peking as far north as the Siberian frontier. What he has to tell us of Russian influence in this region, exercised through the Young Mongol Party, is particularly interesting at the present time; while his impressions of Mongol nomadic life and of the Mongols' religious and magical practices are lively, straightforward and highly coloured. His picture of the shrine—or *obo*—of Uri Hangrän, the shamanistic nature divinity of the mountaineers, which consisted of a gigantic pyramidal tent, woven of tall trees and richly hung with tatters of coloured silk, sheltering " heaps of coin stamped with the heads of generations of Chinese and Russian rulers," an accumulation of golden and silver ingots, and bundles of bleached Russian paper roubles, as well as brick-tea, meat and furs, all heaped up in a disorderly mass by the devout, gives some idea of the strangeness of the life he encountered. In Mongolia, Buddhism meets Marxism, and a primitive universe exists on the frontiers of the twentieth century. P. Q.

LABOUR IN RANGOON

Indian Labour in Rangoon. By E. J. L. ANDREW, late Assistant Protector of Immigrants. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

To say that the subtitle of this book ought to be " The Seamy Side of Imperialism " would be unjust, for the Civil Service would deal with the reproach readily enough were they not condemned to waste their time over imaginary problems manufactured by Burmese pseudo-politicians. But a charge might well lie against the great English firms who, until the slump, made a very good thing out of Burma; it was absence of supervision and lack of contact with their labour that led to the Rangoon Riots of May, 1930 when, in the space of a few hours, " the gentle charming Burman " hacked to death 120 wretched Indian coolies and wounded 800, largely women and children.

Every year 300,000 seasonal labourers from India enter Rangoon, making it the greatest immigrant port in the world, surpassing even New York at its zenith. They come in ships so overcrowded as to be insanitary. For lack of housing accommodation they sleep in the streets, sprawling all over the roadway so that you cannot drive or even walk; not that any European condescends to enter the city at night. Literally half their wages never reach them, being pocketed by middlemen, the labour contractors who import them. It is these, men of their own race, who batten on their timidity and lack of organisation, for they belong to the most impoverished and illiterate castes; but it is Big Business which allows the system. It is not even cheap, for the employer gets only half a labourer for the full wage he pays; and it spreads disease, discontent, and lowered standards of living. Some other dependencies would not tolerate it. In Ceylon, employers long ago discarded intermediaries and import their labour themselves. In Malaya they send licensed representatives (usually selected ex-labourers of good character) to engage men in their home villages in India; the labourer's travelling expenses are paid, he receives free housing and medical attention, and he is repatriated free; the cost is considerable yet it pays the employer as he not only gets a better class of labourer but is also able to offer a lower wage.

There is little prospect of such reform in Burma. The White Paper transfers yet more power to the Burmese politician. But the westernised oriental absorbs our cast-off ideas as eagerly as he apes our cast-off clothes, and he now worships at the shrine of *laisser faire*. And at heart the Burman who professes a desire for Federation with India is if anything more anti-Indian than the Separationist; neither of them will lift a finger, save perhaps towards expulsion, for, whilst taking economic development for granted, they dream of excluding the Indian on whom it depends.

Hitherto there has been no published literature on the subject. This book, the first, is a compilation by a retired official whose title implies a protective organisation which in fact does not exist. But he has observed a good deal, and his appendices include not only the usual statistics but also the report of the Rangoon Riots Enquiry Committee.

ICELAND

Romance in Iceland. By MARGARET SCHLAUCH. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

Iceland Adventure: The Double Traverse of Vatnajokull by the Cambridge Expedition. *Witherby.* 8s. 6d.

In her study of Icelandic romance Miss Schlauch traces the influences which, after the introduction of Christianity, produced so great a revolution in literary taste that stories culled from foreign sources completely superseded in popular favour the older, far superior, sagas. The romances of what were humorously called *lygisogur* (lying sagas) were compounded of *chansons de geste*, Arthurian legend, oriental fantasies, Celtic fairy lore, fables of Byzantium and India, and echoes of classical tradition (Ovid was known in Iceland as early as 1100), naively interwoven with native lore of trolls, giants and witches; so that what had once been the most autochthonous became the most cosmopolitan literature in Europe. The suddenness of the change of taste was perhaps more in the nature of things than admirers of the great sagas are likely to admit. The religious conversion alone would account for much, for it brought with it that European status into which the widely travelled Norse peoples were peculiarly prepared to enter. There were few lands into which they had not ventured and few civilisations with which they had not made contact. Their ancestors had plundered the world of its material wealth; the Icelandic writers were now to plunder the world of its folk-lore and legend, and of its antic-chivalrous and love-lorn romance. How eclectically they plundered, Miss Schlauch tells us in this erudite and entertaining work.

The Iceland with which Mr. Beckett and his companions were concerned was physical and geographical, and although the people appear, and always as eagerly helpful and hospitable and, it may be added, as inquisitive to hear new things as ever their ancestors were, it is the land, and the least habitable part of it, that Mr. Beckett traversed and describes. The expedition crossed and re-crossed the great ice plateau that in the Ice Age extended over the whole island, and, as the scientific results of their journeys are reserved for another book, the present volume resolves itself into Polar exploration in miniature, with much of the discomfort but little of the risk of the real thing. The story of their adventure, however, is told entertainingly and its descriptions are accompanied by many excellent photographic illustrations.

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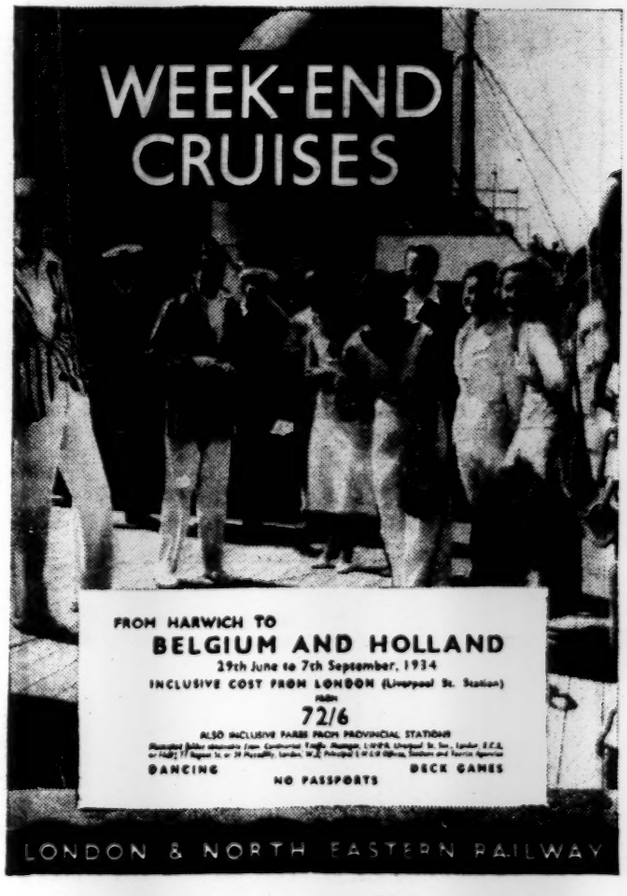

SHORTER NOTICES

The Founding of Maryland. By MATTHEW PAGE ANDREWS. *Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

Maryland was the third Anglo-American settlement to be founded, if the previous attempt (and failure) of its founder, George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, to plant a colony in Newfoundland be excluded. The period with which Professor Andrews is concerned covers the years from its foundation in 1633 to the overthrow of the Proprietary Government of the Calverts by John Coode in 1689 and the commission given to Sir Lionel Copley to act as first royal governor of Maryland by William III in 1691. A great deal of research and scholarship has gone into the writing of this book, and the early years of the colony's existence are, in particular, well illustrated by quotations from contemporary letters and documents. The experience of the settlers at Jamestown (1607) and Plymouth (1620) was invaluable to the Marylanders who avoided, at least, the horrors of famine by a sensible enactment that corn was to be grown on two acres of land by every freeholder before he might put the rest under the more profitable tobacco. But perhaps one of the most important reasons for the success of the venture was the unusual broadmindedness of the founder, who made religious toleration the chief object of his government; and Maryland, has, therefore, the distinction of being the first state in which religious opinion was no bar to preferment. The student of Anglo-American history cannot afford to overlook this book.

Twilight in the Forbidden City. By REGINALD F. JOHNSTON, K.C.M.G. *Gollancz.* 18s.

Lovers of the immemorial civilisation of China, its gravity, its urbanity, its worship of beauty, and its triumphant elasticity, will turn with pleasure to this delightful book in which Sir Reginald Johnston gives us the history of the last years of the Manchu dynasty, from the Siege of the Legations to the expulsion of the boy Emperor in 1924. The value of the book lies in its correction of the many popular and official misconceptions of the nature of the Empire, of the characters of its personnel, and of the persons and propaganda responsible for its overthrow. Sir Reginald writes with an intimacy rarely acquired by a foreigner, for, apart from his official knowledge gained when Commissioner of Weihaiwei, he was for many years English tutor to the young Emperor Hsüan-T'ung who is now the titular ruler of Manchukuo. Without being blind to the faults of the Manchu dynasty and its rule, Sir Reginald demonstrates that had the reactionary elements of the nobility and the utterly corrupt Imperial household department allowed the reforms of the unhappy Kuang-Hsü—hasty and ill-considered though they may have been—to go through, China might well have been spared the evils that have befallen it. Apart from its historical and political interest, Sir Reginald's study of China as he has known it is especially to be commended for its detailed explanations of the old regime and its warm but considered eulogy of the basic qualities of the civilisation which have given it its charm and its resilience.

CRUISING

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The need for cash to pay wine bills, laundry charges, tips, and odd expenses on board the ship.

AND ON THE OTHER
The danger of carrying on one's person or in the luggage more than a minimum sum in notes.

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WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Week-end Competitions

No. 220

Set by Martin Armstrong

The beneficent tyrant of a modern State, deploring the absence of wisdom and of any but second-hand opinions in his subjects, abolishes the printing-press and the radio. Thirty years later a visitor to the State writes home to a friend a letter of not more than 250 words describing the results of the beneficent tyrant's action. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best letters submitted.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 8th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 218

Set by John Moore

A novelist's postbag contains a good many curiosities. A specimen chosen from my own comes from an indignant gentleman who begins: "Sir, I have just finished a most distasteful task—that of reading your last book." He goes on to complain, at some length, of the "sensual garbage" and the "bare filth" which I have committed to print and which is "an insult to every decent woman and a libel on the Modern Girl." He ends that he consigned the book to the fire.

I am at a loss to know how I am to reply to such an unsolicited testimonial, and I should be glad to have the suggestions of readers, for which a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered. The reply, I feel, should be brief and subtle; it should not be as rude as that of my correspondent.

Report by John Moore

The perfect reply was contained in the entry submitted by William Bliss. "To buy and then to burn! *O si sic omnes!*" Unfortunately, the rest of the letter was not so good, and I cannot recommend William Bliss for a prize. However, I am extremely grateful to him.

Letters that were good in parts came from W. Leslie Nicholls, W. E. B. Henderson, "Henbane," T. S. Atlee, F. N. James, "Rufus," "Claudius," "Sycorax," Nina Doody, R. B. Ford, "Southron," and M. E. Alford. T. E. Casson displayed his usual scholarship in a letter to Epaphroditus Leatherapron, D.D. M. Peacock made my correspondent suggest that I should be buried with my book "darkly at dead of night." Gerald Summers sent two entries in very neat verse—which I didn't ask for. James Hall suggested offering to send my correspondent, on receipt of his cheque, one or more copies of my next novel "with every objectionable passage margin-marked." "Thus you will have the choice: first, of skipping everything garbagy; second, of concentration on same; third, of reading the entire book." Guy Innes, in the guise of an Advocatus Diaboli, aimed barbéd arrows at me rather than at my tormentor. I pluck them out of my breast and display them here with the assurance (cross my heart!) that, had they seemed to me effective as a reply, Guy Innes should have had first prize for marksmanship. "Sir,—Content to entrust to strangers the preparation of the brief for the defence, I have induced an influential journal to offer rewards for 'ghosting' the reply which your letter leaves me at a loss to make. Besides relieving me of an uncongenial obligation, this supplies an example of Danegeld in the book trade which is novel even for a modern novelist." Guy Innes might have added something about the fee I get for setting this competition!

The two best replies pleased me almost equally. I therefore suggest awarding a first prize of one and a half guineas to L. V. Upward, and a

W.T.A. SPECIAL CONDUCTED TOURS TO

U.S.S.R.

JUNE 30. *Leader:*—**Dr. ILLTYD DAVID (W.E.A. and University College, Swansea).**

JULY 14. *Leader:*—**Mr. R. D. CHARQUES (Author of "Soviet Education," "The Soviets and the Next War," etc.).**

AUG. 4. *Leader:*—**Mr. C. G. AMMON (late Financial and Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty).**

AUG. 25. *Leader:*—**Mr. H.L. BEALES (London School of Economics).**

Three-week tour in each case, allowing 12 days in U.S.S.R. The June 30 party will visit Leningrad, Moscow, Rostov-Don and Kharkov. The other three groups will have 5 days in Leningrad and 7 in Moscow.

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This is a book of intense interest both from the medical and the sociological points of view. It discusses the application of modern theories to the treatment of mental disturbances, and such chapters as those on *Peace and War* and *Psychical Research* are of far more than purely medical significance.

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NEW STATESMAN & NATION, *The Week-end Review*
10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

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RECORD SERVICE

A good deal of the correspondence that goes out from our Record Department consists of letters advising customers NOT to buy a certain work—because we know of a better just issued or about to be! This intelligent service, backed with really big stocks of all the good records, does save time and money. And the Monthly Letter criticising all the new issues is really worth reading. Send for a copy free.

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Yet it costs only 1s. 6d. per line, and considerably less for a series order, to advertise in these "Smalls" columns. A line averages seven words and one line should be added if a Box Number is required.

If, therefore, you have anything to buy, sell or even give away, consider first the "Smalls" pages of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

One and Six a line

"Smalls" should reach this office first post Wednesday for insertion that week, addressed to Advertisement Manager,

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2. *Holborn* 3217

second prize of one guinea to John Rutherford. Allan N. Laing, W. A. Ismay, "F. A.," and "Alik" were close runners-up.

Finally, may I say how pleasant it was to meet, among a host of new competitors, almost all the old *Week-end Review* folk, including William Bliss, still writing footnotes to his entries, and T. E. Casson, still inevitably quoting from the Classics?

FIRST PRIZE

Dear Sir,

I have just completed a most delightful task—that of reading your delicious *petit morceau d'espieglerie*. For neither the cleverly veiled irony of your letter, nor the rich humour underlying it has escaped me, and although the innuendo therein renders it unfit for recitation in mixed company (I fear you must be a sad dog!), I have won the hearts of several not too narrow-minded male friends by reading it to them. I should dearly love to incorporate certain extracts from it in my next book; but I am almost sure that both publisher and printer would, from dread of police proceedings, refuse to leave them unedited. The public prosecutor has such a nose for pornography! So, very reluctantly, I have destroyed the letter. I hope you understand? I mean, with young girls in the house and so on, I could scarcely leave it lying about, could I? With many thanks,

Yours, etc.,

L. V. UPWARD

SECOND PRIZE

Dear Sir,

I must regretfully point out your mistake. The public are at present under no obligation to read my works. When I am dictator—but I am boring you. Yours sincerely,

JOHN RUTHERFORD

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 75.—PLUTO'S FORMULA

I met Mr. Pluto in the Bank. He was just cashing a big, fat cheque.

"How will you take it, Mr. Pluto?" asked the cashier deferentially.

"All in hundreds, please."

"See this little nest egg?" asked Pluto as we walked away. "I'm going to invest it on behalf of my three girls."

"Very nice too," said I. "But why that particular sum?"

"I'm working to a formula," said Pluto. "You'll never guess what it is."

I thought for a moment. "Yes, I know," said I. "You've added up the girls' ages (in years) and then squared the total."

"No," said Pluto. "I didn't arrive at it that way. I took Alice's age (in years), the square of Beatrice's age, and the cube of Clarice's age. Then I added the three together; and they totalled just that number of pounds that I'm bringing away from the Bank."

What are the respective ages of the three girls?

PROBLEM 73.—BUMPSTEAD GARDEN CITY

Mr. Keats's favourite poet is Milton.

A straightforward analysis may occupy (and in many cases has occupied) several sheets of paper. But the solution can be much abbreviated if advantage is taken of the "cyclical" character of the relationships established from the data. [Compare, *e.g.*, the problems "Little Wool" and the "Five Officers" in *Caliban's Problem Book*.]

PROBLEM 72.—THE FIVE PEDAGOGUES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: G. R. Hayes, 37 Clanricarde Gardens, W.2.

There were 235 correct solutions. *Four* points are awarded.

To Correspondents. *S. O.* (*Copenhagen*).—Delighted to welcome you to our ranks. *N. C. Mac I* (*Aberdeen*).—Thanks for your note, which is appreciated. *V. W.* (*Branscombe*).—As yours is also. *J. P. McE.* (*Shrewsbury*).—Thanks for P.O. *J. H. F. D.* (*Withernsea*).—Thanks for P.O. *K. C. C.* (*Leeds*).—The expression you quote crept in in error. The conditions are as stated this week. *P. K.* (*Cambridge*). *J. P. McE.* (*Shrewsbury*), *C. W. R.* (*Pinner*), *H. F. D.* (*Worksop*), *R. W. B. C.* (*W.C.*).—Particulars of scores will be sent as soon as possible.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

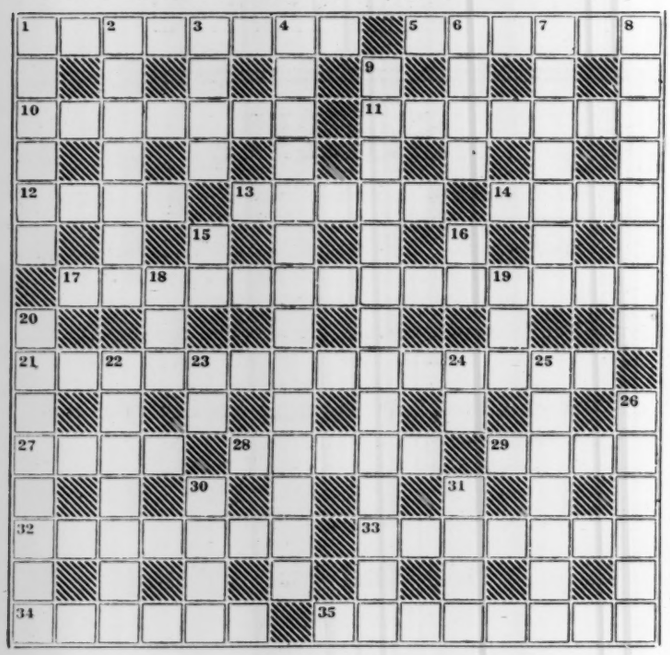
Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 221

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

The winner of last week's crossword is Mr. P. S. Jory, 26 Queen Anne St., W.1.

ACROSS.

1. Shows that the little bird informant is usually a titmouse.
5. Foreign Office relaxation in wood.
10. Turns over an old leaf presumably.
11. Possible source of the Fleet river?
12. Calming agents troublesome after 3.
13. The advantage of repetition.
14 & 6. Are these accounts too shocking to be read at night?
17. One married the other in *Bleak House*.
21. Captain Margesson perhaps with a dog becomes insignificant.
27 & 30. Hurry up!
28. Condition plural in reversed French.
29. See 31.
32. The company of an unarticled woman barrister the verandah seems to provide.
33. You and she the colour of blood.
34. There's rather much of the first person about such confederates.
35. Gunpowder ingredient.

DOWN.

1. Choice of T.P. or something unspecified.
2. Mixing a lot with lava makes one dance.
3. See 12.
4. Its members are always behind the times.
6. See 14.
7. American lifts do.
8. Sons of a Highness?
9. The last straw gives it to the camel.
15 & 16. His bodyguard should be an angel with a flaming sword.
18. See 19.
19 & 18. rev. Metallic arm of the law.
20. "Here are ——s, on tip-toe for a flight."
22. Expose to danger self advertised.
23 & 24. An uppish quadruped was once a grub.
25. Prohibition may be a way to bag more.
26. A Canterbury-bound doctor had his clothes partly lined with it.
30. See 27.
31 & 29. A heartless Blueshirt is made to hold the incense.

G	O	P	H	E	R	■	S	P	Y	G	L	A	S	S
O	■	O	■	L	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	M	■	I
L	I	S	T	E	N	■	R	O	L	L	C	A	L	L
D	■	T	■	M	■	F	■	P	■	E	■	Z	■	V
R	U	C	H	E	■	I	N	S	I	N	C	E	R	E
U	■	A	■	N	■	N	■	■	■	■	■	D	■	R
S	P	R	A	T	■	N	Y	M	P	H	S	■	■	■
H	■	D	■	A	■	A	■	A	■	O	■	S	■	B
■	■	■	P	L	E	N	T	Y	■	R	O	P	E	R
S	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	F	■	S	■	I	■	U
C	A	R	T	W	H	E	E	L	■	E	A	T	E	N
O	■	O	■	A	■	A	■	Y	■	P	■	F	■	E
F	O	O	T	S	O	R	E	■	P	L	A	I	N	T
F	■	P	■	T	■	L	■	■	■	A	■	R	■	T
S	U	S	P	E	N	S	E	■	C	Y	R	E	N	E

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

COMEDY. The Private Road. Tues. & Fri.

DRURY LANE. Three Sisters. Wed. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Wed., Sat.

DUKE of YORK'S. Happy Week-end. W., Th.

GLOBE. Biography. Thurs. & Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Thurs. & Sat.

KINGSWAY. The Red Domino. Wed., Fri.

PALACE. Why Not To-Night. Wed. & Th.

PHOENIX. Ten Minute Alibi. Thurs. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Counsellor-at-Law. Tu. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. The Old Folks at Home. W. & F.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S. MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. Tu. & F.

THEATRES

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar 3161.
TWICE DAILY at 2.30 & 8.15.
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Production
"THE GOLDEN TOY."
A Romantic Play by Carl Zuckmayer.

COMEDY. EVGS., 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
DOROTHY DICKSON & JOHN TILLEY in
THE PRIVATE ROAD.

DRURY LANE. Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
THREE SISTERS, A Musical Play.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, VICTORIA HOPPER.
Final Performance, Saturday, June 9.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. Bar 5122).
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
HAPPY WEEK-END.
A Musical Play.

FORTUNE THEATRE. Temple Bar 7373-4.
Sundays June 10th, 17th, 24th, at 8.30.
GENESIS II, played by
The Experimental Theatre with André van Gyseghem.
Hedley Briggs in Ballet: music by Walter Leigh.

GLOBE, Shaftesbury Avenue. Gerrard 1592.
Evgs., 8.30. Matinees Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
INA CLAIRE in
BIOGRAPHY.
Produced by NOEL COWARD.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

KINGSWAY. (Hol. 4032.) Monday Next.
Evgs., at 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Fri., 2.30.
THE RED DOMINO.
A New Play by Percival Sykes.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Thurs., 2.30.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT" A New Revue.
Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Florence Desmond.

PHOENIX. 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 8611.
TEN MINUTE ALIBI,
by Anthony Armstrong.
"The Biggest Thrill in London."—*Daily Telegraph.*

PICCADILLY. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30. Ger. 4506.
BARRY JACKSON presents
COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW, by Elmer Rice.
"Finest London Can Boast."—*Daily Herald.*

QUEEN'S, Shaftesbury Avenue. Ger. 4517.
Evenings at 8.40. Mats., Weds. & Fri., 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST in
THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME,
by H. M. Harwood.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Tues., Fri., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Pierre Loti's Breton masterpiece
"PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE" (U)
with Yvette GUILBERT, & *Autumn Crocus* (A).

EMPIRE, Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
SPENCER TRACY, MADGE EVANS,
in **THE SHOW-OFF.**
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, FRANCHOT TONE, ALICE BRADY in **STAGE MOTHER.**

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station)
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Friday, June 8th, at 6.45 & 9 p.m.
Saturday, June 9th, at 2.15, 4.30, 6.45 & 9 p.m.
Tickets: 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. (Reserved); 1s. 3d., & 7d.
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(2) PAUL PORRET—Paintings.
(3) WILLIAM NICHOLSON—Recent Paintings.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday, June 3rd, at 11 a.m.
JOSEPH McCABE. THE BLOOD-PRICE OF DEMOCRACY.
Admission Free. Visitors Welcome.

F.P.S.I. CONFERENCE

The Federation of Progressive Societies is holding a Week-end Conference at Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, from June 9th to 11th.
Speakers: DR. H. D. J. WHITE, on "The Educational Methods of Homer Lane"; A. A. BURALL, on René Guyon's important book, "Sex Life and Sex Ethics"; and MISS M. E. BIGGS, on "Women and Children in Soviet Russia." Programme of social events. Cost Saturday tea to Monday breakfast, £1. Apply SECRETARY, F.P.S.I., 21 St. Stephen's House, Westminster.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

BOURNEMOUTH, Walsall House Hotel, West Cliff. Quiet sit., close sea, h. & c. Tel.: 1926. From 3 Gns. p.w.

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WEEK-ENDS AT SOUTHWOLD

SOUTHWOLD, on the Suffolk Coast, is different from the usual seaside resort, and possesses an attraction which induces visitors to return year after year. The wonderful old Church; the open "greens"; the great Common overlooking the sea and the river, are features of the Town. Across the river is the picturesque village of WALBERSWICK, the haunt of famous Artists for two generations. From here walks may be taken across heather-covered commons and silent marshes to the lost city of DUNWICH; and to BLYTHBURGH with, its cathedral-like Church; or WENHASTON, with its great medieval "Doom"; or to the beautiful villages of WESTLETON and MIDDLETON.

Southwold provides for visitors: Golf (18 holes); hard and grass Tennis Courts; Bowls; Sea Angling, or Trawling with local "Longshore" Fishermen; safe Sea Bathing; and it is a good centre for morning or afternoon motor tours through an unspoilt countryside, full of splendid village Churches and with great Castles such as Framlingham, Mettingham, Wingfield and Orford.

By road it is 105 miles from London. By train it is about a two-hour run to Saxmundham (14 miles), and a little more to Halesworth (9 miles), where motors from Hotels meet visitors by appointment.

There is the old Swan Hotel (Tel. No. 5) (h. and c. in all Bedrooms)—an old coaching house with a century's reputation for real comfort; now under the management of Miss Baker (formerly of the University Arms Hotel, Cambridge, and the Esplanade Hotel, Seaford.) There is also the smaller Crown Hotel (Tel. No. 53)—an early Georgian house—under the management of Miss Kent; and the Pier Avenue Hotel (Tel. 42), Proprietor: Mr. W. L. H. Moore. About half a mile outside the town, standing in its own grounds, is the Randolph Hotel (Tel. 13), Proprietress: Miss E. A. Trueman.

DELIGHTFUL Holiday Resort, Carlton Private Hotel, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Ideal marine position between two piers, amidst flower terraces, facing south and sunshine. Finest quality food. Expert cuisine. Lowest terms. Write SECRETARY.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W. Bd. res., near sea, town. H. & C. water in bedrooms. Tariff: Mrs. Jones, Springfield, Arthur's Hill.

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FITTLEWORTH. Sussex. Fortrie Guest House Real country. Comfort. Good beds and cooking Breakfast in bed. 'Phone 61.

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Apply, The Manager.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

TECHNICAL REACTION—RAILWAY TRAFFICS AND ROAD COMPETITION —GOLD SHARES AND RAND SELECTION—GERMAN DEBT SUSPENSE

A STUDENT of the markets walked into my office this week, carrying a bundle of " temperature " charts which he had compiled for leading shares and indices, marking the daily prices. For the last few days the horrible things had showed symptoms of that sinking feeling. I remarked that these charts revealed past fluctuations and trends more clearly than figures, but did they reveal the future? Of course, if we feel nervous about our health and begin to suck the thermometer constantly, our temperatures will rise. Certainly in New York, where all brokers and market operators watch the Dow Jones index, the chart sometimes causes its own rise or fall by mesmerising the chart-readers. In London there is none of this nonsense. The number of day-to-day operators is not large enough to make chart-keeping worth while for the broker, except in the case of the gilt-edged market, where the banks and the insurance companies play the game of in-and-out. Nevertheless, these share-charts make fascinating reading, and, for what it is worth, they point unmistakably to a technical reaction in markets. Some weeks ago the leading industrial shares tried to penetrate higher ground, but failed. The rise in values flattened out, and now a downward movement has set in. Personally, I do not believe that a major trend has been reversed, but investors are now beginning to ask whether the probabilities of dividend increases have not been fully discounted, whether the domestic trade recovery can maintain its impetus in the absence of a Government " drive " on public works (to fill the gaps of foreign trade), whether the trade advantages of exchange depreciation, tariffs and the boycott of German goods have not been exhausted, whether the tales of order books not too well filled are warnings of a business recession. And so on. Such talk always accompanies a technical reaction. But I am not frightened—not even by the home railway traffics.

* * *

Misleading comparisons are being made between the current railway receipts and those of the corresponding weeks of 1933. It must be remembered that there was a bad start to 1933, and that an improvement set in at this season of the year. A more normal basis of comparison is provided by the average of the 1927 to 1930 traffics, which have been compiled by the *Economist*, as follows:

Home Railway 1934 Receipts.
(1927 to 1930 = 100.)

	Receipts for 1934.				
	Weeks 1-4.	Weeks 5-8.	Weeks 9-12.	Weeks 13-16.	Weeks 17-20.
Passengers:					
L.M.S.R.	79.9	85.3	83.3	80.4	83.9
L.N.E.R.	76.7	81.7	80.0	79.1	80.7
G.W.R.	76.3	80.0	79.8	76.5	80.0
S.R.	87.8	91.0	89.2	84.6	89.1
General Merchandise:					
L.M.S.R.	78.4	77.0	76.6	76.3	77.1
L.N.E.R.	77.4	75.0	73.4	71.7	71.6
G.W.R.	79.7	80.8	79.9	81.9	78.2
S.R.	75.3	79.1	78.7	74.8	77.7
Coal and Coke:					
L.M.S.R.	90.0	87.7	90.0	91.5	81.9
L.N.E.R.	91.4	90.8	90.3	96.4	86.9
G.W.R.	83.8	84.8	83.5	81.8	77.7
S.R.	100.8	105.6	103.5	112.4	103.8
Total Traffic:					
L.M.S.R.	81.6	82.2	81.8	80.8	80.6
L.N.E.R.	81.2	81.5	80.0	80.1	78.5
G.W.R.	79.5	81.6	80.7	79.5	78.9
S.R.	86.5	89.9	88.3	84.6	87.7

If these figures were plotted on the graph, they would not look well. The trend of merchandise receipts has turned downward for all lines, except, possibly, the London Midland and Scottish, and coal and coke receipts have reacted sharply. The heavy months of passenger receipts lie ahead, so that judgment on this section must be reserved. The total figures, however, suggest not that the trade recovery is slowing down but that the railways are still suffering from road competition in general merchandise. Therefore the estimates of home railway dividends may have to be revised—quite apart from the question of an increase in the wages bill.

It often happens that as the industrial share market moves down the gold share market moves up. Exchanges from one to the other are now being made for the purpose of improving income, and the movement has been accelerated by the rise in the sterling price of gold, which is now quoted at 137*s.* per ounce. The weakness of sterling in terms of the dollar and the European gold currencies is unusual at this time of year, but it may be due in part to the closing of commitments by " bears " of the franc. It is pleasant for gold shareholders to see a " gold premium " once again taking shape in the London bullion market. This denotes hoarding on the part of those intelligent people who expect a further devaluation of the American dollar or a devaluation of the gold bloc. Now that the South African market is released from its taxation fears, it presents an attractive field for the investor. Geduld and Union Corporation—recommended constantly in this column—have risen appreciably, but are still worth buying. For the more speculative investor I would draw attention to Rand Selection, which is managed by the Anglo-American Corporation of South Africa. The gold mines controlled by this group on the Rand form a compact group at the eastern end of the field—Brakpan, Springs, West Springs, Daggafontein and East Daggafontein, the last being in the early development stage. The company is also interested in other neighbouring properties which are now being opened up—Grootvlei to the north, Rietfontein, Vischkuil and Bloemendaal to the east, and Vogelstruisbult to the south. The management has also acquired a large area on the Far West extension of the Rand through a subsidiary called Western Reefs Exploration and Development Company, and has taken an interest in Gold Coast Selection Trust, which has options over large areas in West Africa. And the company holds De Beers shares, but by now it must have written down its diamonds to "paste" levels. The accounts of the company for the year to September 30th, 1933, reflect the increase in the prosperity of the Witwatersrand gold-mining industry. In December, 1933, the directors declared a half-yearly dividend of 1*s.* per share on account of 1933-34, and it is probable that some further payment on account of the current year amounting perhaps to 9*d.* per share will be declared in June.

	Present Price.	Estimated Divs. per Share.	Yield % on Est. Divs.
Rand Selection 5/- ..	22/7½	1/9	£7 14 3

* * *

As a market hates uncertainty, any settlement of a nuisance, however bad, is welcome provided it is final. Unfortunately, there is no finality about the German debt settlement. The British, French and Swedish delegates have accepted it, provided the scheme is not operated so as to give an advantage to the nationals of one country over the nationals of another, but the Dutch and Swiss delegates have refused it, and the American delegates are non-committal. The scheme provides for a moratorium on long and medium term debts for the period from July 1st, 1934, to June 30th, 1935. The 7 per cent. Dawes and 5½ per cent. Young Loans are excluded from this moratorium only because it has been impossible to arrive at an agreement as to their special treatment. A further conference will be held to discuss them. In respect of the loans subject to the moratorium, it is provided that for the period named the bondholder on surrender of his coupon may obtain funding bonds for the same amount and in the same currency as his coupon. These funding coupons will carry interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum and will mature on January 1st, 1945. A sinking fund equal to 3 per cent. of the outstanding amount of the funding bonds will be applied to the purchase of the bonds in the open market or in drawings for repayment at par. Bondholders who do not wish to receive funding bonds will be entitled on surrender of their coupons to receive cash at the rate of 40 per cent. of the face value of the coupons. The cash payment will not be subject to any transfer restrictions. As the ability to make payment is dependent on foreign exchange being available, the Reichsbank reserves the right to withdraw its cash offer on 30 days' notice. On the other hand, it will increase its cash offer if its foreign currency position improves. I doubt whether any bondholder will feel reassured by this settlement. In June, 1935, complete default may await him, and uncertainty still hangs over the Dawes and Young Loans. More and more people in the City of London are becoming convinced that Germany intends to default completely in the long run on all her foreign debt.

COMPANY MEETING

ALLIED NEWSPAPERS, LTD.

PROGRESS OF COMPANY'S PUBLICATIONS

LORD CAMROSE'S SPEECH

The tenth ordinary general meeting of Allied Newspapers, Ltd., was held on Wednesday at Southern House, E.C.

Lord Camrose (the chairman), after referring to the death of Mr. Edward Tebbutt, said, in the course of his speech:

The balance sheet and report refer to the tenth year of the company's existence. The first part of the period covered by them proved to be the tail end of the depression. In the second part of the year trade improved and we benefited accordingly. At last year's meeting, you will remember, I referred to the orgy of free gifts then being indulged in. This orgy continued until late in the year, when, without any agreement or arrangement being arrived at, the violence of the operations gradually died away as the financial strain of conducting such a policy made itself felt on the financial resources of the combatants. In certain districts it still obtains, but in a comparatively mild way.

The trading for the current year indicates that the improvement in our profits for the latter part of 1933 is being well maintained.

The profits for the year, including dividends received, amounted to £895,514. Of this we have transferred to income tax reserve £234,700, and with the balance brought forward we have for disposal £908,341. After deduction of debenture interest and the dividends on the two classes of Preference shares there remains a balance of £431,445. Subject to your approval, we propose to transfer £100,000 to general reserve, making that fund the round figure of £1,000,000. We then propose a dividend on the Ordinary shares of 5 per cent., less tax, which will absorb £77,500, leaving to be carried forward £253,945, against £247,526 brought in.

The "Daily Dispatch" and the "Daily Record" have the largest circulations of any morning papers solely published outside London. Although there is general knowledge that the heavy industries of the North and North-East have improved far more than one would have anticipated in the past year or so, there is an idea prevalent that Lancashire is entirely dependent on cotton goods, and has not benefited by the improved conditions. The cotton industry is, of course, a great and important one, but it has been computed that only approximately 20 per cent. of the gainfully occupied population of Lancashire is employed in that industry itself. Actually, the trade of the area, apart from cotton, has been good for some time.

You will be interested to hear that independent investigation discloses that in the Manchester zone the "Daily Dispatch" has doubled the regular home readership circulation of any national daily.

The "Sunday Times" has more than maintained its position of pre-eminence as the greatest national Sunday newspaper, and has shown increases both in sales and advertisement revenue. Once again, for the year 1933, it carried a larger amount of advertising than any other Sunday paper in the country. Whereas a few years ago a thirty-two-page paper was an unusual event, thirty-four and thirty-six page issues are now frequent, and on one occasion this year we had a thirty-eight page paper. The problem of the "Sunday Times" is how to accommodate the advertising offered and to keep the paper in proper proportions for the reader.

Our two other London papers, both of which are printed in Manchester also, are the "Daily Sketch" and "Sunday Graphic." These two newspapers, by reason of their brightness, pictorial and news enterprise, and sanity in presentation of their contents, have enhanced their value in the family circles for which they particularly cater. In order to accommodate the demands of advertisers and to produce the larger papers required, we have made considerable additions to our printing plant at Gray's Inn Road, including facilities for colour features, should these become an economic possibility in newspaper production.

In Manchester we are on the point of completing the installation of further plant to which reference was made at our last meeting. The new plant also includes provision for colour-printing in our newspapers there whenever that should become necessary. In the past we have been unable to print larger issues of our Sunday papers than twenty pages, and, even then, could not produce the "Empire News" and the "Sunday Chronicle" for the same week in that size. The extension will permit of twenty-four page issues of both papers, and even larger sizes if required. Both these papers have done well in their respective spheres. Great improvements have been effected in the "Sunday Chronicle" with its larger size, and the changes have resulted in substantially increased advertising revenue.

I am also glad to be able to say that Allied Newspapers has just made history by introducing, through the Scottish "Daily Record," for the first time in daily journalism, the use of the three and four-colour processes while printing at speed.

Speaking in a general way of all our newspapers, we have had an expensive year in the way of costs, for the reasons I have given and, of course, general trade conditions for the first part of the year under review were still bad.

So far as we have gone, the present year shows a decided improvement, and if the newspaper industry is left free from any repetition of those happenings which brought so much discredit on it last year, we have every reason to hope for better results in 1934.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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HOLLAND. Offered *August, in exchange* for cottage (Sussex, Cotswolds, Devon), comf. house, Utrecht, 2 sitting-rooms, dining-room, 5 beds, bathroom; maid available; dist. Amsterdam, by train 25 min. Hague, Leiden 45 min., fine surroundings. Ref. required and given. Write Box 503, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

GOLDERS GREEN: 3 mins. Tube Station and Heath. To let furnished, bed-sitting-room facing sun. Terms moderate, including breakfast, service, hot baths. Other meals if required.—THOMPSON, 47 Rotherwick Rd. Speedwell 5374.

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TO LET, Furnished cottage, Limpsfield village, 3 bed, bath, close Common. Mid-June to Mid-July, 2½ guineas week. Box 507, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2.

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